No. 242.—Vol. XIX.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

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HENLEY OLYMPIC REGATTA.

JULY 28, 29, & 30.

'THE BYSTANDER' ENCLOSURE

"The Bystander" Enclosure at Henley, which was open to a limited number of Subscribers during the late Regatta, has been retained, at the general request of patrons, for the Olympic Races of July 28, 29, and 30. The Enclosure will be conducted with every regard for the comfort of visitors; and the price of admission will, be *7s. 6d.* daily. Tickets for the Enclosure, which, it will be remembered, is situated between the Phyllis Court and The Lawns Clubs, are limited in number, and no time should be lost by those who desire to secure admission.

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"GRANDE CHARTREUSE."

NOTICE.

In His Majesty's Court of Appeal

On the 11th day of DECEMBER, 1907,

IN AN ACTION OF

REY and OTHERS on behalf of themselves and all other Members of THE CARTHUSIAN ORDER and OTHERS,

v.

HENRI LECOUTURIER and OTHERS.

A PERPETUAL INJUNCTION was granted

Restraining each of the Defendants, their and each of their Servants and Agents, from using the word **"CHARTREUSE"** in connection with the sale of liqueurs other than liqueurs manufactured by the Plaintiffs, as the name of or as descriptive of the liqueurs, or without clearly distinguishing the liqueurs so sold from the liqueurs manufactured by the Plaintiffs, and from selling or offering for sale in England any liqueur or other liquors not manufactured by the Plaintiffs in such a manner as to represent or lead to the belief that the liqueur or other liquors manufactured or imported or sold by the Defendants are the manufacture of the Plaintiffs.

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Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 242.—Vol. XIX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 22, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Miss Marion Terry (the Queen) Sir W. S. Gilbert (the King)

HAMLET PERVERTED: GILBERTO-SHAKESPEAREAN TOPSY-TURVYDOM AT THE LYCEUM

Sir W. S. Gilbert played the King in his own laughable "perversion" of Hamlet ("idiotically sane, with lucid intervals of lunacy"), "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," at the Lyceum last week, in aid of the King's College Hospital Removal Fund. The scenes between himself and Miss Marion Terry as the Queen delighted the audience. The picture is doubly interesting in view of the disgraceful street attack on Sir William reported on Monday

Britain's Aerial Bogey

THE DAMAGED ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP PASSING OVER LAKE CONSTANCE

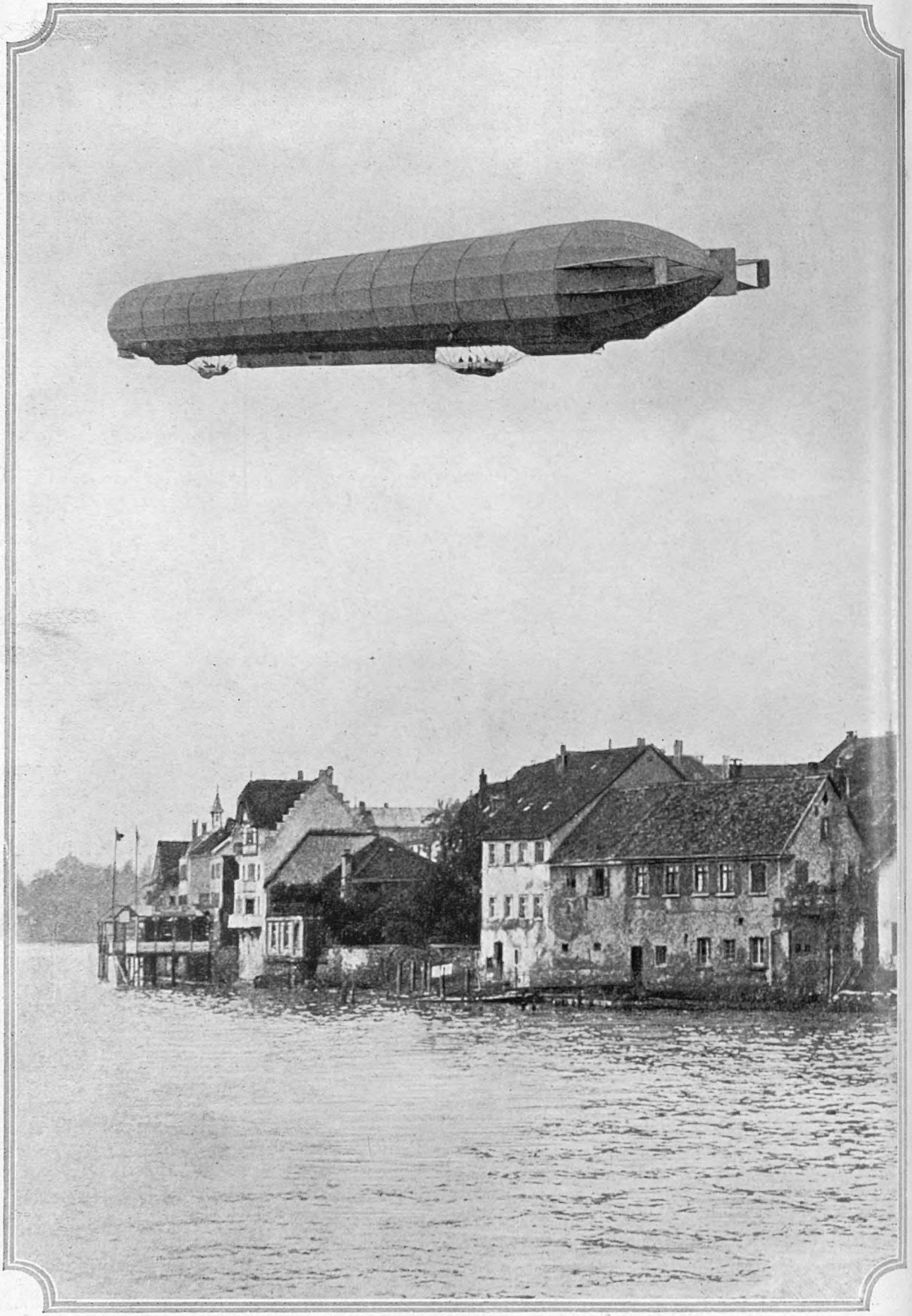


Photo *Bolak*

THE RISING HOPE (NOW IN THE DESCENDANT) OF GERMANY'S COMING AIR-FLEET

That fantasy of an army of 350,000 men to be landed on English soil by the great German sky-fleet of the (almost) immediate future has vanished into thin air, at any rate for the moment, by the accident to Count Zeppelin's airship on the eve of her momentous 24-hour trial trip. The gale on Lake Constance caused Zeppelin IV. to collide with its floating shed, resulting in a lot of damage to the airship. The Count may have attained command of the air, but he has yet to conquer the wind

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Photo Topical Agency

Alphabetical Athletics
Danish girl gymnast forming the letter T

Only as an Admiral!

By the time this appears the Prince of Wales will have arrived at Quebec. I have often remarked how "nice" the Prince is in matters of personal convenience. In the case of this journey, his Royal Highness has had scarcely any alterations or rearrangements made on board the *Indomitable*. His quarters, in the bows, are simply such as are used by an Admiral. This fine ship remains as she is, so that she may join the Fleet immediately on the Prince's return. I remember when the function of the opening of the South London Electric Tramways took place, the Prince and the Princess of Wales, with the two little Princes, were the first passengers, and the picture of the Prince of Wales, accompanied by his family, waiting modestly and patiently with a halfpenny in his hand to take the first ticket, was one to be remembered.

* * *

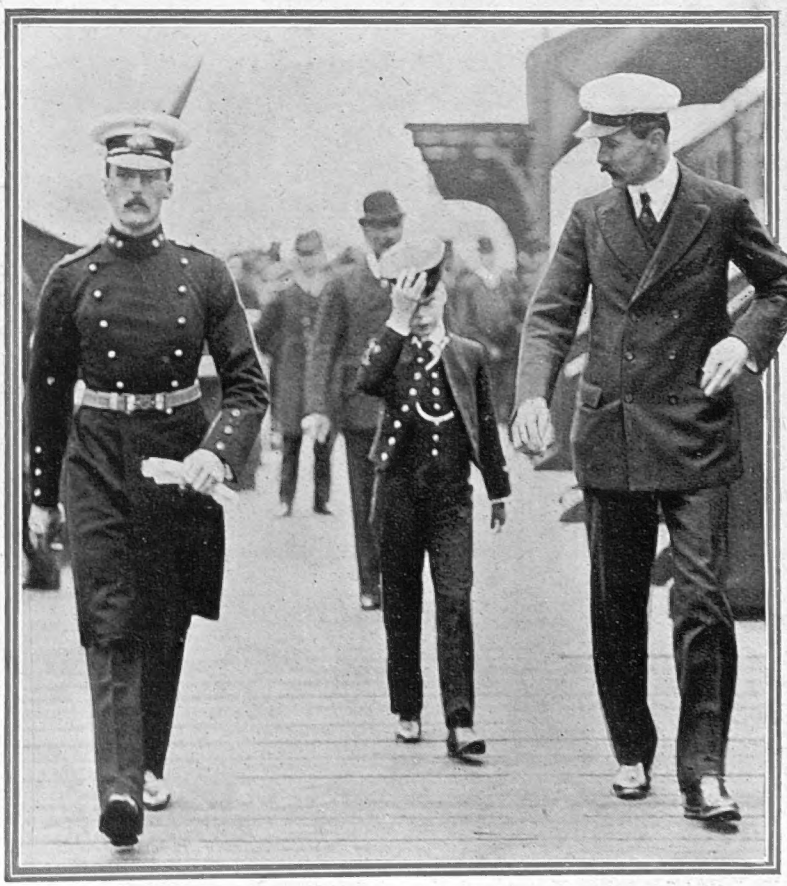
The King's Latest Hosts

The King's hosts at Taplow last week-end—Lord and Lady Desborough—so prominent also in connection with the ill-fated Olympic Games—are deservedly a popular couple. There is nothing that Lord Desborough has not accomplished in the way of shooting big game, and he looks upon it as one of his minor feats that he swam one fine morning across Niagara. He is the king of fencers and the king of gymnasts—in a word, the king of sportsmen; and as such was proclaimed with vociferous cheering when he entertained the whole company of Olympians at the Holborn Restaurant the other night. As for Lady Desborough—her friends call her "the Divine Being"—she is a charming survival. You associate her not at all with motor and telephone. She is all smiles, all leisure and graciousness, and there envelops her an atmosphere of Early Victorian "gentility"—an expression I use in the non-sarcastic sense. "Indoory" herself, she is, nevertheless, pleased that her children are "outdoory," and takes the greatest pride in her boy's prowess on the cricket fields of Eton and her daughter Monica's feats of swimming at the Bath Club. The latter, by the way, is a curious contrast to her mother, for, whereas Lady Desborough is dark-eyed and dark-haired and slight of figure, Miss Grenfell is both *blonde* and powerfully built.

* * *

"Honeymoon Hall"

Taplow Court (known as "Honeymoon Hall" because it has so often been lent to newly-wedded couples) has been the scene of unrivalled hospitality for years past, and as a country hostess there is none to beat Lady Desborough. If a weakness she has, it is to capture the very latest of all the celebrities for her Saturday to Monday parties. Her invitations are issued in her own exquisite hand, and—now and again—in Meredithian style. Lady Desborough boasts a pretty taste for letters, and had her life been cast in other places would undoubtedly have made a name as an essayist. Taplow Court is a pre-eminently comfortable house to stay in, but there is no senseless display of luxury, as in the houses of the *nouveaux riches*. The visiting book is, in itself, a possession. The King wrote in it when he was



Photo] **Hiding a Quiet Tear?** *[Graphic Photo Union*

Little Prince Edward, in his cadet's uniform, leaving the jetty at Portsmouth after saying good-bye to his father, and hoping to see him soon back from Canada. Father and son bade each other an affectionate farewell on board the *Indomitable*, and it was only natural that the little Prince's "manhood" should for a moment soften to the extent of a tear

Do We Despise the Athlete?

Prince of Wales, and again when he paid a visit to Taplow after his accession. Statesmen, politicians, sportsmen, great ladies, beauties, authors, savants, painters, actors —you find all their names inscribed herein.

* * *

The Olympian Fiasco

The practical failure of the Games to attract public attendance, despite the Royal patronage on the opening days, is now being laid at various doors. Amateurish management, high prices for seats, counter Exhibition attractions, and, of course, the weather, are each in turn abused. But, personally, I doubt whether they would have fulfilled Lord Desborough's fond hopes had the management been diabolic in its professionalism, the prices dirt cheap, the counter-attractions *nil*, and the weather that of heaven. The real reason is that England is *not* ancient Greece. The athlete, out of school and college, is not picturesque, he is not interesting. As ancient Greece knew him, his athleticism was æsthetic; it accompanied a love of philosophy, of poetry, of music. In England the athlete is rarely anything else. Therefore is his prowess an interest rather of the lower middle-class, a thing of suburban clubs and polytechnics, than of the *haut monde* and the working-classes—the only people, to tell the truth, who are really England. In designing the idea of the Olympian games, Lord Desborough and others missed the national taste, crediting us with sporting enthusiasm of the wrong species.

Photo *Topical Agency*

LORD SHREWSBURY THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN (Princess Margaret of Connaught)

The Presentation Perfect: Flowers for the Crown Princess of Sweden at Trentham

A pretty incident at the Duchess of Sutherland's fête and bazaar at Trentham Hall last week in aid of the Potteries Cripples' Guild and of her Grace's pet charity, her Home for Crippled Children, was the presentation by a pretty little girl, who had evidently well rehearsed her curtesy, of a bouquet of flowers to the Crown Princess of Sweden (Princess Margaret of Connaught), who opened the fête on the first day

A High Note at the Opera

The Queen, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Sparta were present at the Opera on Wednesday, when Madame Edvina (Lord Kensington's sister-in-law) made her first appearance as Margherita in *Faust*. Her dress was pale blue and her cap of red, with large white bows, in the first scene—quite a new departure. In the final scene in the prison a blue dress was again worn with a dull red sash, and the effect was certainly good. The audience were a distinctly "sketchy" lot, but a lady (late Lady Vivian) whose name has appeared lately in the papers interested me hugely. Her dress of red chiffon over a blue and green something, with queer trimmings of gold embroidery, a gold wreath in her hair, and her little *retroussé* nose and wonderful mouth, made me think—well, think a lot.

* * *

The Sandown Form

Racing is one of the few amusements which is not greatly affected by the weather, but even the Eclipse Stakes could not make the crowd at Sandown, in which there are so many *chic* and charming ladies, forget their damaged chances of winning on White Eagle, and their wrecked toilets. Somehow, the meeting was a disappointment. Once again the King's horse was second to one belonging to Mr. J. B. Joel, and once again the same owner pulled off a good thing with Your Majesty in the "Eclipse." The winged words and wild hooting that met this victory have been considered an unfortunate demonstration by a good many people who like to be on the side of the victors and the money-bags. For my part, I think that those who run their horses in public races must submit to public comment. They accept the cheers when their wins are popular, and they must accept the hoots when they do not please. It is, of course, the old argument which has raged about the theatre for so long. But in the present case the now famous Joel-Sievier £20,000 bail affair may have something to do with the demonstration. Whether the racing public are the best judges of vice and virtue who shall say? but, even in a delicate case, they have no doubts, and express themselves with a volume of sound which convinces more surely than a thousand arguments.

* * *

At Stafford House

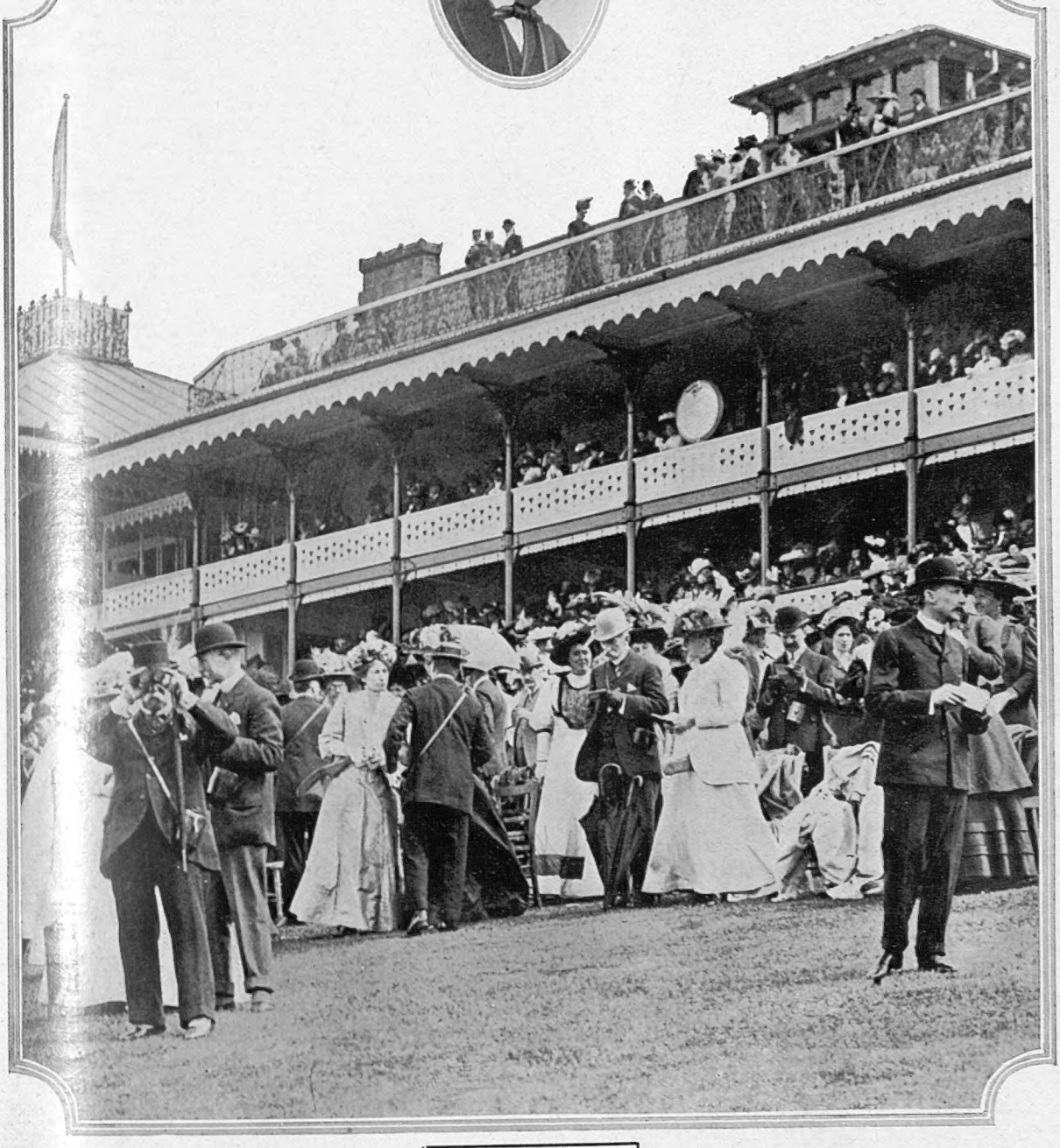
An interesting figure at Stafford House nowadays is Miss Ethel Barrymore, the American actress, who is really almost always there now. She has developed a most beautiful singing voice, and, as a result, is invited to the most interesting parties, and is very successful. The Duchess has quite a partiality for "interesting" people. One meets a delightfully assorted crowd at the parties, one of which happened on Friday last, largely masculine, music masters and museum curators

Henley Olympic Regatta

"The Bystander" Enclosure will be open, as before, but at a reduced charge, viz., 7s. 6d. per diem, or 18s. 6d. for three days. All facilities. Luncheon, etc., by Stewart.

Eclipse Day At Sandown

A WINNING POST TO WHICH MR. JOEL TOOK NO EXCEPTION



Photo] The Scene before the Grand Stand *[Graphic Photo Union*

Photo Halftones, Ltd.
Mr. J. B. Joel

Photos

Your Majesty Passing the Post

Illustrations Bureau

Some of the People who Hooted

Mr. J. B. Joel's victory in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown brought him £10,000, if not the cheers of the spectators. Would these have been given for a win by Mr. Sievier? Although the King was present, the attendance was not up to the usual quality or quantity, and the rain spoilt many charming frocks

People Who are Being Talked About

being quite a feature. Such women as are to be found belong rather to the p cturesque type—the Duchess of Rutland, the Ladies Manners, and so on. It was not so long ago that Stafford House was the *local* of a dance, barefooted *à la* Maud Allan, by a prominent titled sportswoman, a performance which did not meet with approval in exalted quarters. The King, while most liberal-minded and cosmopolitan in his ideas, strongly deprecates the public exploitation of terpsichorean talent by members of Society.

* * *

A Certain Pamphlet

Talking about the Duchess of Rutland, everyone is glad that the unp'easant affair of the typewritten pamphlet is now a thing of the past. It was a nine-days' wonder while it lasted, but it has done no serious harm. The presence of Lady Marjorie Manners in the Royal box at Ascot dispelled any fears of the King's disfavour, and Lady Marjorie is, as before, still a close friend of the Connaughts.

* * *

Love's Young Dream

Princess Patricia of Connaught, who has been looking very beautiful this season, is a very sweet girl. To those she knows she is most amiable; but there are times when this Princess seems dreamy and somewhat distracted from ordinary matters, and, perhaps, a little bored. She appears determined to marry in one way only—that is, to ally herself to a subject. This has, doubtless, caused the repetition of the rumours anent the Princess and Lord Anglesey. Yet, why not? I have found this young peer a *rara avis* in many things. He has a particularly fine appearance, being over six feet in height; he typifies, both in his good looks and general physique, the *beau ideal* of English nobility. Possessed of great wealth, he is yet pleasant and unassuming, and a firm believer in the respect and courtesy (now growing rarer!) which should be shown to women.

* * *

Will Australia Like the Dudleys?

The advent of a new Governor-General of Australia is always looked for with much interest and some trepidation by our dear cousins in the Antipodes. Lord and Lady Dudley, who were so popular in Ireland, will have to look to their laurels, as the Australians (so delightful in themselves) are very proud, and any "uppishness," even from a Governor or his wife, would be deeply resented, just as it is at home if too freely manifested by a newly made Vicereine. Whether they be Gum-Suckers or Corn-stalks, their own island is of huge importance to Australians.

Photo, Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

Photo, Keturah Collings

Photo, Lafayette

Photo, Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

(1) **The Young Marquis of Anglesey**
Whose name still continues to be linked with that of a beautiful Royal Princess who wishes to "marry a subject"

(2) **Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson**
Most versatile of women. She has lately taken up Allanesque dancing

(3) **Lady Dudley**
New "Vicereine" of Australia, whither she and her husband sailed last Wednesday (via Canada with the Prince of Wales, to represent Australasia at the Quebec celebrations)—very pleased with, and extremely conscious of, their new dignity

(4) **Lord Clancarty**
Announced to be about to marry Mrs. Marcus, of New York, a wealthy widow. He was previously the husband of the former Belle Bilton, who died lately

* * *

The King's Nurse

The King's health, due, no doubt, to the recent success on of arduous taxes on his strength, is not all one could wish it to be, nor, indeed has it been for some time past. Thanks, however, to the able and agreeable attentions of the hospital nurse now permanently installed in the Royal suite, his Majesty receives the best care. The nurse accompanied the King to Biarritz, and so popular with both the King and Queen did she become that she was subsequently enrolled as one of the household. She possesses, among other things, the faculty of amusing the King with anecdotes—a task by no means easy of accomplishment, as many a bright hostess has often discovered. The hearing of the best of all the good stories in all the languages has made the King's ear a little delicate, and one with even a suspicion of dulness is destined to fail if anybody be rash enough to venture it. This, however, does not alter in any way the remark which I made last week—that the Royal sense of humour is easily aroused by homelier processes.

* * *

The Naval Feud—How it Arose

It is difficult for the plain man, who has the welfare of the country at heart and no axe to grind, to write of the Naval "Feud" without heat, and I am most thankful that the Government has handled the matter so discreetly. All the officers concerned must be praying to be saved from their friends. Surely it is unnecessary for publicists and experts, who have strong views

Now Among the Élite

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, THE TALENTED AMERICAN ACTRESS

Miss Barrymore, who has lately added to her many accomplishments a charming singing voice, is now much in request at "Interesting" parties, particularly Stafford House. Her last appearance on London's public stage was in 1904, in "Cynthia," by Henry Hubert Davies, at Wyndham's, after which she toured in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." She played last December in New York (at the Hudson Theatre) in Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Her Sister"

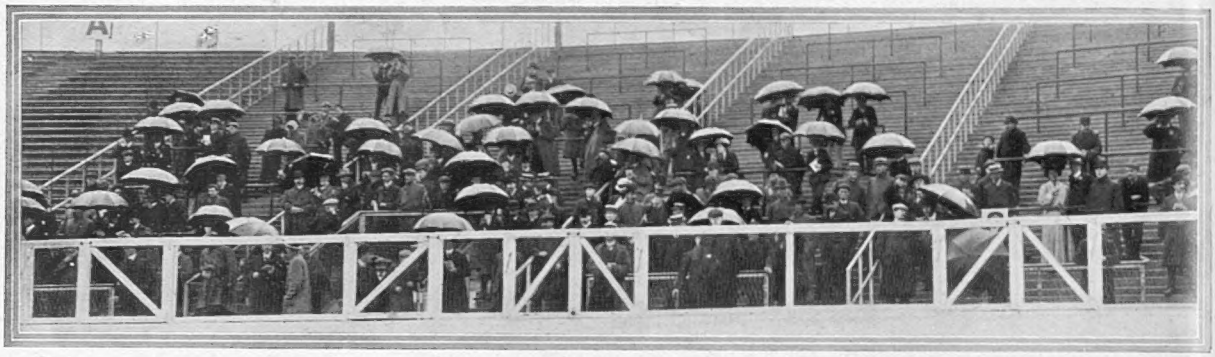
The Limp Olympiad

HAPPY CONTESTANTS AND MISERABLE SPECTATORS

The Champion Weight-Putter: Ralph Rose U.S.A.)

Spartan (?) Endurance
Two competitors take shelter

Winner of the Discus Throwing: M. J. Sheridan (U.S.A.)



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

A Few of the Few Spectators, Damply Interested in the Proceedings. (There is Room for 90,000 in the Stadium !)

"Demmed moist and unpleasant" was the state of affairs during the Olympic Games in the Shepherd's Bush Stadium last week, and no less depressing than the weather was the meagre—very meagre—attendance on the part of the public, though the lowering of the prices has now done much to remedy this. Counting the lawn tennis and other contests decided outside the Stadium, Great Britain has made twenty-eight wins to America's nine, the next country on the list

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

G. E. Larner

The British winner of the 3,500 Metres Walking Race. He is already the holder of the one to eight miles records

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Leon Meredith

The British favourite in the 1,000 Kilometres Race, who, unfortunately, had to retire owing to an accident

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

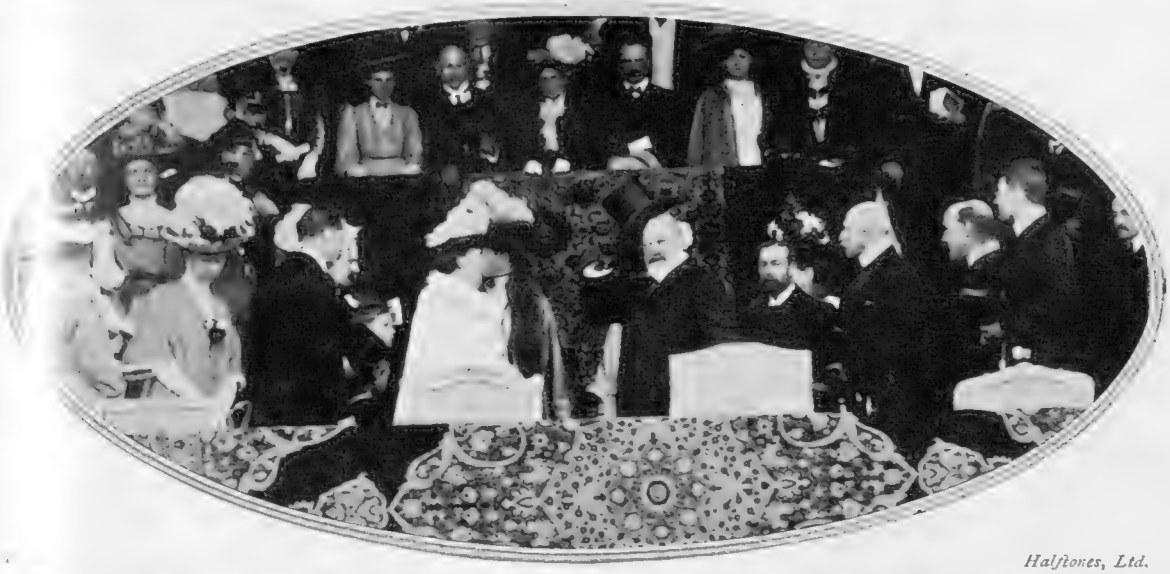
J. E. Deakin

The British winner of the 3-Mile Team Race

A Pleasing Olympian Moment

THE QUEEN'S DANISH COMPATRIOTS COMPORT THEMSELVES ATHLETICALLY BEFORE HER MAJESTY (AND HIS)

The Danish Girl Athletes, who are so much Admired, at Swedish Drill in the Stadium [*Illustrations Bureau*



Halftones, Ltd.

Left to right: Princess Patricia, Princes Albert and Henry of Wales, THE QUEEN, THE KING, Prince of Wales, Duke of Connaught, Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Sweden

The King Acknowledges the Cheers of the Olympians: The Royal Box in the Stadium at the Opening of the Olympic Games

Photo *Sport and General*

The Most Popular Exhibit of the Show: The Danish Contingent (with their top-hatted managers) in the Great March Past

The crowning feature of the Royal opening of the Olympic Games in the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush was the parade before the King and Queen, and a boxful of Royal and other people, of the 2,000 athletes of all nations. Of these, the Queen's countrymen and countrywomen from Denmark—especially the athletic ladies, the graceful proportions of whose nether limbs were much remarked—attracted the most attention

The Prince Leaves for Canada

on the administration of the Navy, to make personal attacks on those who differ from them, for the so-called feud is really the creation of certain writers. For many years these experts pressed for various reforms in the administration and training of the Navy, and when any apologist for the then Admiralty suggested that perhaps those who were responsible for the Senior Service knew their business best, and should not be attacked, the reply was that a Government department was all the better for criticism.

* * *

The Turn-coat Critics

Then came a change. Admiral Fisher was appointed First Sea Lord, and sweeping reforms, including many of those the expert writers had advocated, were introduced. Immediately the Naval Administration became sacrosanct, and those who had previously been the strongest critics became the stoutest defenders. The authorship of articles in the Service journals or reviews which were more or less hostile to some of the reforms was fastened on certain officers, who were told they ought to resign if they disagreed with the new policy, and all those who had anything to do with the changes were praised beyond measure. So the controversy continued for months, some of the reforms being modified in some directions, while in others they were pushed still further. Then came the appointment of Lord Charles Beresford to the Channel Fleet, when it was reported he had refused the post unless his command was increased. At any rate, two armoured cruisers and twenty-four destroyers were added to the fleet, so that it was made practically complete. From this time forward the disputants joined issue more vigorously than ever.

Photo *I.N.A.*

A Smiling "Au Revoir": The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught at Waterloo

Starting from Waterloo, where he bade goodbye to many people, including the Duke of Connaught, the Prince of Wales journeyed to Portsmouth last Wednesday, and at once embarked in the *Indomitable* for Canada

* * *

The Fat in the (Gunnery) Fire

Those of the experts who might be termed the Reformers came to the conclusion that Lord Charles was the leader of the antagonism to the new measures, while others who were convinced that the Navy was being starved attacked Sir John Fisher for not standing out more strongly for the Cawdor programme of construction. While the rival schools of experts and political writers were going at it hammer and tongs, the unfortunate incident of Sir Percy Scott's indiscreet signal occurred, and the war was waged more fiercely than ever. One side said that the junior Admiral did not intend to be disrespectful, and that the Commander-in-Chief was only too anxious to humiliate a fine officer, who had been so largely responsible for the improvement in gunnery, while the other school maintained that Lord Charles was quite right, and that an Admiral was the best judge of discipline in his command. At any rate, after this the fat was in the fire, and the amount of ink that has been spilt over the incident must have made the fortune of several manufacturers.

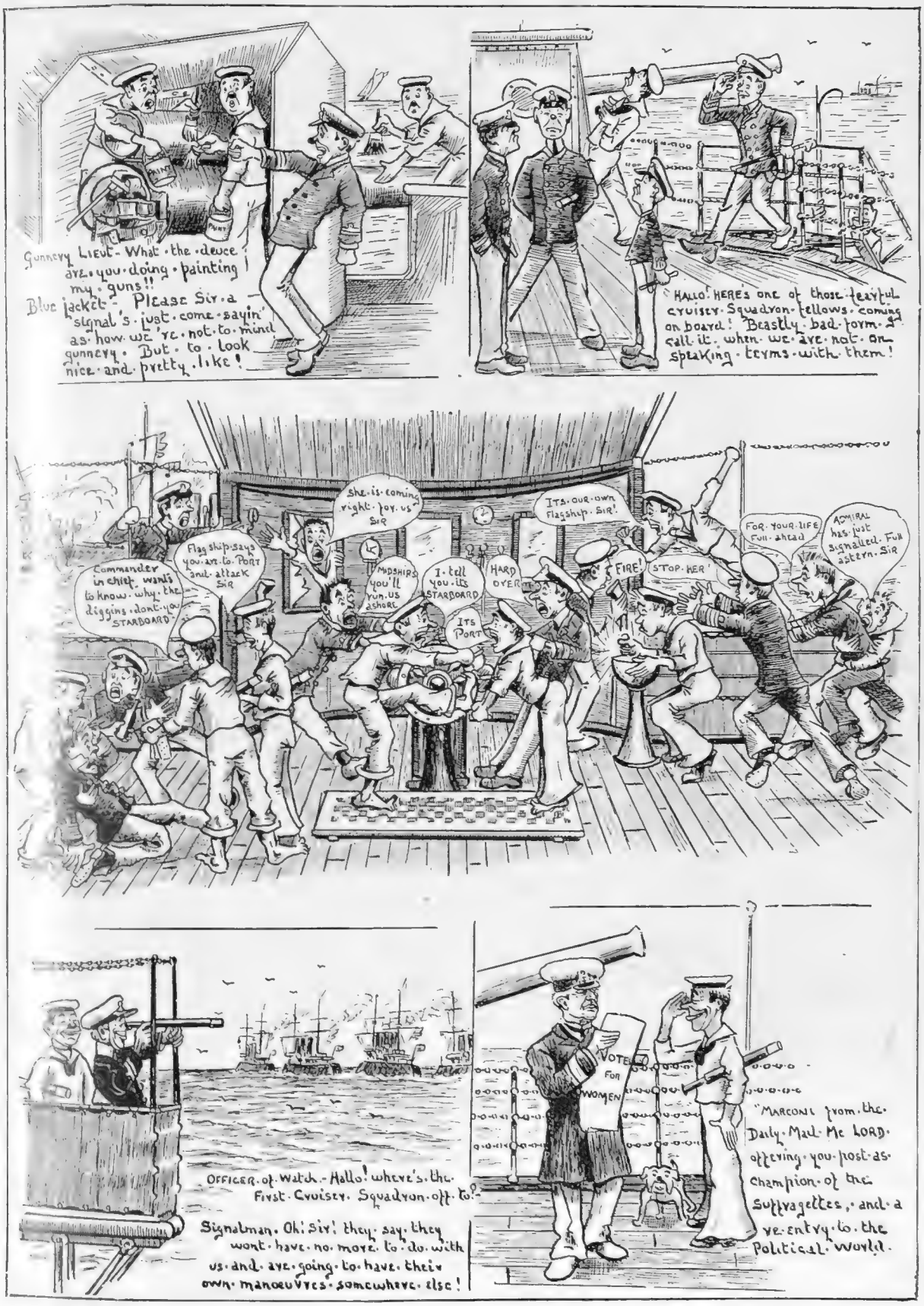
Photo *Symonds*

H.M.S. "Indomitable," the new "Dreadnought" cruiser in which the Prince of Wales voyaged to Canada

The Prince of Wales, after his Atlantic voyage in the new cruiser *Indomitable*, is due at Quebec for the Tercentenary celebrations to-day (Wednesday). During his week's stay he will, among other things, attend the pageant on the Plains of Abraham, review 20,000 Canadian troops, and hand to the Governor the £10,000 collected in England for the Wolfe and Montcalm Memorial

The Naval Feud As It May Develop

(UNLESS THE ADMIRALTY TAKE PROMPT ACTION)



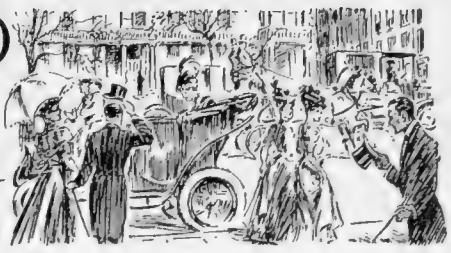
(Washed ashore somewhere near the scene of the manœuvres in the North Sea. Origin unknown)

Germany's Ever-Increasing Fleet, Which is so Agitating the Alarmists

Photo *Hamilton*

SOME OF THE LATEST RESULTS OF THE KAISER'S "REGULAR AND RELENTLESS NAVAL POLICY" ASSEMBLED IN KIEL HARBOUR FOR THEIR ATLANTIC CRUISE

ROUND THE TOWN



La Saison Continue!

The charms of one of the most brilliant London seasons for many years have shown no sign of abating so far. The social round is still a whirligig of fashion, and the leaders of Society seem determined not to let their feet touch the ground, so to speak, until August calls them to Cowes. Perhaps the spell of colder weather may have stimulated the hostesses to renewed efforts. Certainly entertainments crowd upon each other's heels, and the ever-busy Royalties, whose energies never flag, are leading a thousand pleasant crusades of charity and State functions galore. Americans, as always, and many well-known Continental people, too, this year, are filling our smart hotels and public entertainments, and owning, with great w[illegible]gness, that nowhere in the world can one be quite so comfortable, so free, so fully entertained, as in London—when you know your way about.

* * *

True Blue

It is a tradition among us that all foreign visitors adore our police, but I have heard that we ourselves are not always quite so pleased with them. Therefore, it must be a great satisfaction to the citizens of London to find that their civic guards are so virtuous a body as the Commission makes them appear. From the report, one gathers that really very few innocent persons are run in—the statistics are a little complicated—but certainly not more than 25 per cent. Thus in future the inhabitants of the finest and best protected city in the world can feel pretty sure that not more than one in four of themselves will be subjected to the inconvenience of being taken to Vine Street, or somewhere of that sort, on charges that have no foundation.

And Black is White

This security will be further strengthened by the quaint little incident in connection with the Bishop of London's midnight march through Westminster. His Lordship and his friends saw some 200 people reeling out of public-houses in a most shocking way within a very limited area. But some questions in the House elicited the fact that the Commissioner of Police had no reports from his subordinates, who accompanied the Bishop, on this subject. We know the police can do no wrong, and the Church Army would scorn to misrepresent. Thus to two perfectly honest parties may black appear white, and blue seem whitewashed.

[illegible] Miss Ellaline Terriss AN OLYMPIC SMILING MATCH Miss Maie Ash [*Foulsham and Banfield*

[illegible]een Miss Ellaline Terriss and her understudy in *The Gay Gordons*, Miss Maie Ash, who, it will be noted, is hardly less successful in the popular pastime than her masterly principal

Episcopal Exercises

By the way, I am sorry to see his Lordship has hurt his fingers at his favourite game; but even that is better than burning them about a midnight march. An enthusiasm for *lawn* tennis in a Bishop is far more appropriate than an inclination to widen the breach between the Church and their old and tried friend, "The Trade." Must all our ideals be put aside, and even High Church and old port be divorced at last? I wonder what reminds me of the aphorist who said, "White lies are very charming, but they so soon get black in London."

* * *

A Poodle Party

One of the most delightful *réunions* of the season was held recently in a charming garden at Craven Hill, where about forty guests and their poodles met to give and take a prize or two. This esoteric society does not enter into the great world of competition. The canine members are the last of the aristocrats,

"Put Me Among the Curls"

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Physical Culture Aids Decrepitude

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sandow and their little daughter at their stall at the recent Veterans' Fête at Chelsea

and are ruled rather by caprice than merit. Several classes of poodles came to claim admiration, many dressed in fancy costumes, with roses and orchids and ribbons and jewels to heighten their charms; some were fluffy to the last degree, some wore their wonderful hair corded to perfection, and others seemed to cry, "put me among the curls," for they were ringletted beyond belief. As a whole, this army of delicately valeted dogs presented a remarkable sight; possibly the moralist might speak of the vanity of vanities, or the philanthropist hint at children starved to beribbon a poodle's holiday; but for my part, recognising the Fates are three and I but one, and that all things go to make a wonderful world, I humbly offer the poodles my admiration and congratulations on a successful afternoon.

* * *

Our Little Dog Story

Among the many Americans visiting this country at the present moment is Clyde Fitch, that most whimsical of American dramatists. He has made quite a big fortune by his plays, with which, among other things, he has bought three large houses, a Venetian Palazzo, and—a dog. This latter is a Pomeranian, from Florence. Her name was "Fiametta." When she got to New York she had quite lost her coat, and she looked so plain that her owner had to change her name to "Lizzie." Later on, however, her coat returned, whereupon she once again became "Fiametta." Clyde Fitch, by the way, has a promising piece coming on in London shortly, which will, I hope, liven up the early autumn for those of us who have to stay and stew.

* * *

The Court Theatre

Last week this house gave us the clever *On the East Side*, and now it scores again by presenting us with a charming comedian—in the making. It was Miss May Blayney's humour and style that caused *The Boys* at Miss Vera Beringer's matinée to be so interesting, although many other members of the cast, especially Miss Florence Lloyd, were very pleasant. The play itself, which was produced at Croydon a little while ago, is full of fun, but sadly lacks cohesion, compression, simplification, and all those things that the critics bore the playwrights about. Still, I think there is a genuine success to be hammered out of *The Boys* if anyone will take the trouble. At the Court there appeared, somehow, a graceful air of amateurism, which, although very welcome, does not help to convince. This, like the success of the afternoon, was partly owing to Miss Blayney, whose voice, although a most perfect organ for

Photo] **A Poodle Party at Craven Hill: The be-Curled and Ringletted Guests (with Owners in Attendance)** [*Thos. Fall*

All the elegance and beauty of the aristocratic poodle world assembled a few days ago at a party given in their honour at Craven Hill. The guests were specially decked for the occasion with flowers, jewels, and ribbons, that their superior canine charms might thereby be enhanced, while some even rose to the heights of fancy dress

Playing Without Words

A CLEVER FRENCH ACTRESS IN "THE DOUBLE TERROR" AT THE TIVOLI

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MLLE. COLETTE ORIGNY IN THE NEW WORDLESS PLAYLET AT THE TIVOLI

We have had highly successful French seasons at two or three theatres, famous Parisian artists are appearing at several of the Halls in dance and song, and the latest arrival from across the Channel is Mlle. Colette Origny, the handsome and clever French actress, who is now appearing in the highly diverting wordless playlet, "The Double Terror," at the Tivoli. Her discovery of a burglar under her bed, and the manner in which she outwits him and makes him disgorge his booty, and beat a hasty retreat, is an admirable piece of artistic work

Real Mining at Olympia

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Olympia Diamond Mine: One of the Scenes at the Mining Exhibition

Most promoters of exhibitions have found Olympia a gold mine. Some, however, have left all their gold behind them, but others have been more fortunate in taking it away with them and returning again for more, such as the promoters of the Horse Show and the Fun City. Mining, however, of a more strictly practical character is to be seen there in connection with the Mining Exhibition, where all branches of the industry, from gold mining to coal mining and all that appertains thereto, may be inspected

laughter or tears, did not seem under complete control, and was occasionally lost to the uttermost back of the stalls, where they put THE BYSTANDER. I sincerely hope I may meet *The Boys*, who are really Miss Vera Beringer, Miss Lloyd, and Miss Blayney, of course, many times again.

* * *

The Scala

How many years ago is it since Mr. Ruskin cried, in his haste, "Give us more Bootles"? Anyway, it is a good long time since John Strange Winter's book appeared as an immensely successful play. One is reminded of this and the change in dramatic taste by the production of the lady's *Trixie* last week. It is a comedy in three acts in name, but the little plot and the many characters are too far-fetched and absurd to own allegiance to the spirit of comedy. Miss Gladys Mason made a great effort to throw life and gaiety into her scenes, but only gave the impression of leading a forlorn hope—very inartistically. But the audience laughed at the mild humours of the officers' mess, and guest night, and the garden party at Idleminster—delightful 1870 name; and so it is hoped the play may prosper in some parts of the world.

The Smile that Won't Come Off!

Herr Robert Steidl, the clever German entertainer, who is now appearing at the Alhambra

I fear it is a little too late in the day to offer such dramatic fare to London, but elsewhere may *Trixie* conquer fortune. *The White Lady* preceded John Strange Winter's comedy. If one had not had the privilege of seeing the acting, it would have been difficult to believe that any form of art could be more feeble than this little piece.

* * *

The Theatres of Variety

That cheerful and simple-hearted race, the music-hall audience, has had several new "turns" offered to it lately, all of which it seems to like immensely. At the Tivoli, the programme includes a little play without words, acted with fair effect by Mlle. Colette Origny (whose portrait is given) and M. Paul Franck. This shows how a young lady overcomes a burglar who has found his way under her bed. It is not very amusing, but as it is followed by Mr. Harry Tate with the extremely comic "Billiards," with the five excellent songs of Mr. Fragson—whose "Billy Brown," by the way, has a tragic note which the singer managed with no small art—and the familiar humours of Mr. Dunville, the evening passes with an immense amount of laughter and cheers.

Salomes in the Making

A German Entertainer

The Alhambra has added a most amusing figure to its long list of attractions by bringing Mr. Robert Steidl across from Berlin. He sings in English, French, and German with equal ease and humour, he imitates all sorts of things, and tells funny stories, and he has an amusing little dancing girl made out of a table-napkin, which sings about "Sal oh my boom de ay," and so forth. But, above all, Mr. Steidl has a merry heart and a wicked eye. He "caught on" at once, and should prove very entertaining as he becomes more and more at home here.

* * *

Lyceum and Savoy

W. S. Gilbert was in great form last Tuesday when, in the afternoon, he played the King in his own fine old burlesque sketch, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*, at the matinée in aid of the King's College Hospital—which the Queen delighted to honour—and again in the evening when, at the Savoy, he bowed his thanks to the enthusiastic audience who welcomed the satiric fun of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, about which I hope to say something next week. EGAN MEW.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Singer and Actor, Too!

Mr. Hayden Coffin, now playing in *Butterflies* at the Apollo, who, in the course of a case in the Queen's Bench with regard to the *Cingalee* dispute between Major Fraser and Mr. George Edwardes, was cleared completely of an alleged covert association with the plaintiff in that suit. He was incidentally pronounced to be both a singer *and* actor!

The Coliseum

Another sensational Salome dancer! This time at the Coliseum. Madame Odette Valery hails from the Continent, where she has gained a big reputation, and her success at this magnificent London hall proved so instantaneous that Mr. Oswald Stoll has prolonged her engagement indefinitely. Madame Valery is undoubtedly a clever dancer, and her enactment of the Salome dance is extremely fine, her movements being exceptionally graceful. Recently she introduced her famous Cleopatra dance, in which she uses a live snake. The dance is weird and fantastic, and is sure to draw all London.

* * *

London Pavilion

Very different in style from the dancing of Madame Odette Valery is that of Mlle. Alexia, who is performing at the Pavilion. She is succinctly described in the programme as the "She Devil." Her contortions, although graceful, are certainly most weird, and do not savour of things earthly. Mlle. Alexia dances in a fearsome cavern, with snakes and other animals vividly depicted upon the walls. R. M.

Photo MISS ISADORA DUNCAN *Topical Agency*

Salomes in the Making: Some of the Pupils of Miss Isadora Duncan's French School Out for an Airing

Miss Isadora Duncan and her Parisian child dancers have been having a short season at the Duke of York's Theatre, "all by their wild lones." Miss Duncan, who claims to be the original "classical" dancer, runs a special school, at which, though dancing is the chief item of the curriculum, the three R's are also inculcated

Civilising "Savage Europe"

A RACE MEETING AT SARAJEVO, THE CAPITAL OF BOSNIA

Photos Park

The Winner of the Kaiserpreis

The Winner of the Great Sarajevo Steeplechase

Scene in the Paddock

Even Bosnia, that little-known region where "East meets West," is becoming more and more modern and up to date. Under the paternal rule of Kaiser Franz Joseph, such eminently civilised functions as race meetings are now regularly held on the outskirts of the capital, Sarajevo, which, for all its electric lights, telephones, and trams, is still a typical Eastern city, with a hundred mosques and crowded native bazaars. Except for the official in a fez, seen in the background, the scene might be on any French or German course

Continental Chat

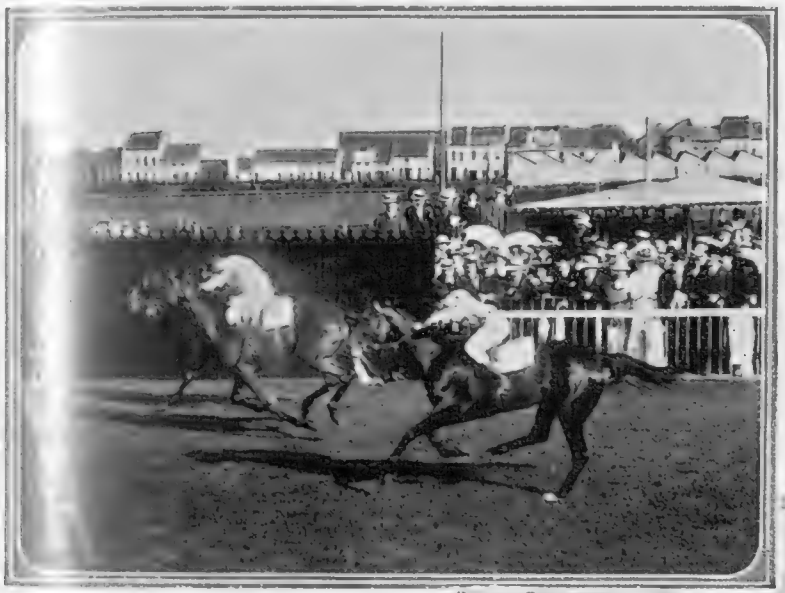
Bolak

Horsemanship in the French Army: Cavalry Describing a Circle at the Gallop

The Villes d'Eaux: A Hint

Preparations are in full swing at both Marienbad and Carlsbad for the accommodation of an ever larger number of visitors. Old hotels have built extensions, and are providing themselves with outside houses, a brilliant season being expected. The King returns to Marienbad. So does Mr. Beerbohm Tree! M. Isvolsky and M. d'Aerenthal, the Ministers of Foreign Affairs for Russia and Austria-Hungary, are, "by the merest chance," both going to Carlsbad! The Prime Minister of France, M. Clemenceau, will also be there, but he is a regular guest, and has been so for many years. Meetings at the Villes d'Eaux might be made of great assistance to statesmen. Supposing Sir E. Grey and Prince von Buelow both developed livers and had to go to Carlsbad at the same time, what blessings might not be in store for us! Ironclad orders would be cancelled, Mr. Lloyd-George made a happier man, and the respective livers of the statesmen in question put right by their good work, whether they took the waters or not.

* * *



A Great English Effort at the Ostend Races

The finest races at the Ostend meeting [illegible] between Mr. T. P. Thorne's Magellan [illegible] J. Buchanan's Pillo (D. Maher up) [illegible] International Grand Prix d'Ostende. [illegible] Magellan beat Pillo by a length and a half. [illegible] tograph shows Maher making his final [illegible] rate effort to reach the winner

Coquelin the Piquant

The return of Coquelin to Paris, after delighting you in London for a season with French plays, reminds me that the autumn is to see him as "Chanticleer," the new play by Rostand. Coquelin is a social favourite wherever he goes. Quiet in his demeanour, slightly satirical in his conversation, full of interesting reminiscences, discreet and ugly, he has everything that can make a man *piquant*. If he were good-looking one of his chief

Photos *Park*

Lucky Mr. Vanderbilt: His Well-known Horse, Sea Sick II.

Which won the Prix du President de la Republique at the Maisons-Laffitte Races. This is the second important race won by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt this year. He won the Grand Prix at Longchamp last month with North-East. Sea Sick II. ran in the Derby

A Graceful Elsa

attractions would be lacking. One day a would-be brilliant Englishwoman asked him if he had not always been a victim of the feminine admirer plague. "Jamais, Madame, jamais," was the somewhat enigmatic reply. No one has had more opportunities than he, and few have profited by them so little.

* * *

Who Wrote "Cyrano de Bergerac"?

The Rostands are notoriously *bohéme*. Nothing about them is ever ready. They rise at all hours, go to bed at all hours, invite for all hours, and are seldom ready to receive their guests. Rostand has none of his wife's energy and verve. Timid, "exquisite," trivial, he reminds me much more of one in the third rank of the rhyming fraternity than the first. Some say his wife wrote the best work in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. It may be so. Yet he was elected a Member of the Academy when still in his twenties.

* * *

Betsy Trotwood à la Française

While you in London have had a plethora of French plays in English, we in Paris are watching for the coming craze for English plays in French—a rather alarming development of the *entente* which Parisians are regarding with some amount of amusement. *Peter Pan*, which had, at any rate, a *succès d'entente*, is to be Gallicised. Whether its English sentimentality will "go" well in French—and how different French sentiment is from English sentiment!—is another matter. But we are going one better. We are going to Frenchify Dickens! Not "Peckweek," not the "Tale of Two Cities," but—"David Copperfield." Yes, we are going to put little David into French knickerbockers of the period of 1850, and make Betsy Trotwood talk in French. God bless them both! And God bless us all! *C'est très drôle, n'est ce pas?* By the way, Continental playwrights seem rather tired of having their piquant situations Grundyised in London in English translations. So a popular Italian writer of comedies is writing a play especially for you Londoners, and in what he conceives to be the English taste. The hero, I believe, is a parrot! You are, no doubt, waiting for the first night with breathless interest.

* * *

Photographers in Belgium

English camera enthusiasts have been having a very good time in Belgium, where the Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom—200 of it—has been meeting its Continental friends at Brussels. We were formally inaugurated the other day by Prince Albert of Belgium, the "President d'Honneur," and by the President, Sir Cecil Hertslet. What a fine man the Prince is! But why did he wear, with his smart General's uniform, striped shirt-cuffs? They take photography with all the seriousness of an art in Belgium, and the Burgomaster of Ghent entertained us at the Town Hall. By the way, when the champagne came round, some of us—belonging to the male sex, of course—were so *very* thirsty that we—that is to say, they—grabbed a tray of filled glasses intended for the ladies. Our hosts were indignant, and one of them wanted to know if "that was English manners!"

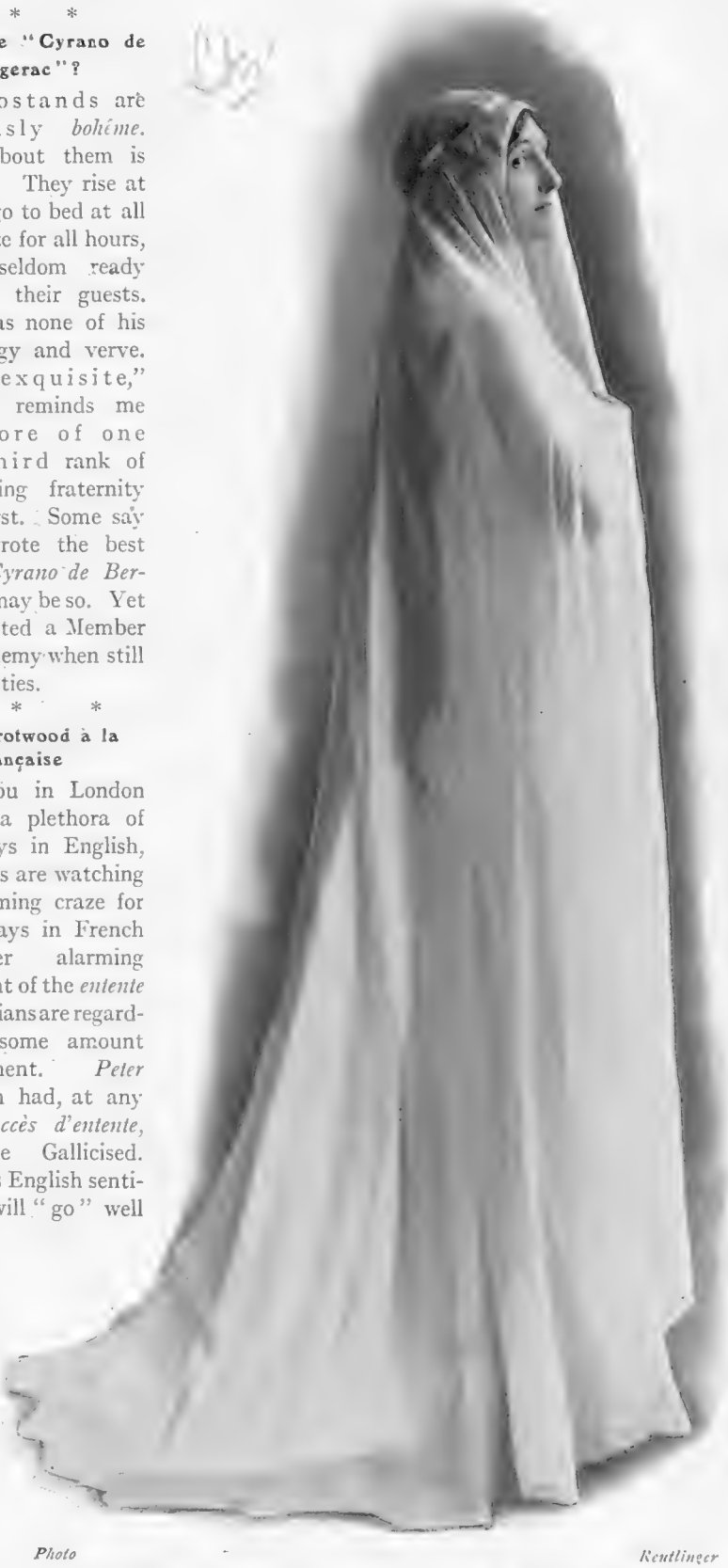


Photo *Reutlinger*

Mlle. Mastio, now playing Elsa in "Lohengrin" at the Paris Opera House

Statuary as an Aid to Statecraft

FRENCH CABINET MINISTERS AND THEIR GRAVEN IMAGES

M. Dujardin-Baumetz: Des Beaux Arts. Surrounded by various "objets d'art" typifying his office

M. Millies-Lacroix: The Colonies
Note the globe and bust in the background

M. Briand: Justice
The figure of Justice is seen behind

Photos *Manuel*

M. Ruau: Agriculture. The statuette on the right is that of a peasant-woman with a hoe

Our Cabinet Ministers might take a hint from their French *confrères*, who like to decorate their offices with statuary and other works of art typifying their respective occupations. It would be charming to see Mr. Asquith in his office surrounded with statuettes of Suffragettes, or Dr. Macnamara with a figure of Lord Charles Beresford in a fighting attitude

Random Jottings

It is a mistake to suppose that nothing has been going on in England during the past few days except the Olympic Games. In case anyone should have fallen into this error, however, we beg to call attention to the fact that two sets of bell-ringers have gone on strike in the Isle of Wight; that eighteen eggs have been laid by a magpie belonging to a gentleman residing at Wallingford; and that a novel baby-show has been held at Edmonton.

* * *

With regard to the baby-show, these exhibitions generally do consist of novelties. The point at Edmonton seems to have been that there was a prize for the healthiest exhibit. Mere fat did not count. Crumply ones were nowhere. It didn't matter how many folds they had. The prize went to the fittest, which was presumably the one least like a lobster. There was also a prize for "the best twins." We hope they won't fight about it later.

* * *

Our English climate is keeping up its reputation. The weather itself has not seemed unpleasant, but the barometer has been very, very queer.

* * *

The Dover Pageant is said to be the only pageant this year under the direction of Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker. Distinctly a record.

* * *

It is clear that the Government has at last given up its notion of abolishing the House of Lords, for Mr. Asquith has agreed to appoint a Royal Commission for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments.

* * *

The skill with which, nowadays, the gentle advertiser worms his way into the editorial columns is unbounded; but the following, which comes at the end of the last paragraph in the Literary Notices in the *Westminster* of July 13, strikes us as a master-stroke:

Lord Morley and Mr. Balfour "have not agreed in politics," but, just as art knows no country, literature knows no dividing-line.

Martell's Liqueur Brandies have no rival.

"I am out for Sedition," a Suffragette declared a little while ago at Peckham Rye, or some such place. It must be awfully annoying, when one has just said a thing like that, to know that one may be "in" at any moment for nothing more terrible than treading on a policeman's toes. And not even in the Tower of London at that. Most annoying!

* * *

In view of the well-known chivalry exhibited by sailors at various ports, Mr. McKenna's Bill for authorising the publication of banns at sea should, we consider, be safeguarded by a clause making it possible to forbid the banns, if necessary, by wireless telegraphy.

* * *

We cordially agree with the Diocesan Chapter of St. Paul's in his hope that "Mr. John Burns will have mercy on the Cathedral and not allow a tube railway to be run under it." At the same time, there is, we fear, no Radical reason why trams should not, later on, be run through the place. Its aisles are admirably paved, and protruding statuary could easily be lopped.

* * *

Flora and Faun
An impression at the British Museum
By F. M. Jack

A Critical Time

["*The Empire's reputation is at stake. If we do badly in the Olympic Games, foreigners will know what to think of us.*"—Daily Paper.]

Oh! British Empire, great and free,
Attend! The moment's psychic:
Rome fell, and so it seems shall we,
Unless we win the high kick.

Our fame, once great, will wholly go
To pot—a thought that curdles—
If in the sprints we make no show,
And fail across the hurdles.

Men will forget our Art, our Laws,
Our Trade (secured by dumping),
If for some maybe trivial cause
An alien wins the jumping.

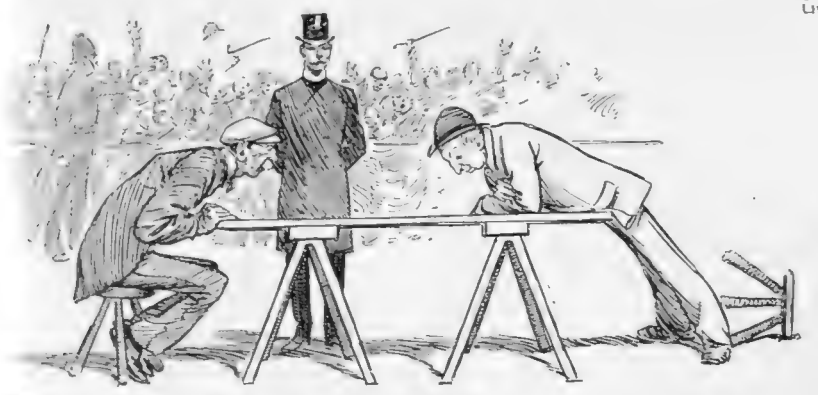
'Tis sad, 'tis pity, to achieve
What many would find baffling,
And fall because we cannot heave—
Free-style—the blooming javelin.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

(SOME OMISSIONS)

WHAT ABOUT OLYMPIC MARBLES? SURELY THE EARL OF ELGIN COULD USE HIS INFLUENCE TO GET THIS FAMOUS SPORT INCLUDED.

OLYMPIC HOPSCOTCH. MISS 'TILDA BRAHN IS PREPARED TO MEET ALL COMERS ON THE PAVEMENT BY THE RAILINGS OF LINCOLNS INN FIELDS.



OLYMPIC SHOVE HA'PENNY. TOO. (ISN'T IT XENOPHON WHO MENTIONS A FAMOUS ATHLETE OF HIS TIME 'PROPELLING THE DRACHMA A MATTER OF TWO PARASANGS'?)

RENTREZ-VOUS VOS VINGT CENTIMES, MES AMIS!

WE WOULD BACK A TEAM OF FRENCH PRIVATE SOLDIERS TO CARRY OFF THE PRIZE FOR OLYMPIC LEAP FROG. WE'VE SEEN 'EM AT IT.

OLYMPIC CATSCRADLE AT THE DUCHESS OF DOVER'S (BRING YOUR OWN STRING)

OLYMPIC TOP SPINNING IN THE STADIUM (WANTED A FEW PUBLIC-SPIRITED OLD GENTLEMEN TO ACT AS HANDICAPS. MUST BE GOUTY)

FRANK GILLETT.

BY FRANK GILLETT

THE HUNT IN INDIA: THE SCENE AT T

Photo] THE MAHARAJA[illegible]
(in a turban, on [illegible])

THE OPENING MEET OF THE "OOTY" HUNT (THE LARGEST IN INDIA)

Among the important social and sporting events of the Indian season was the opening meet of the "Ooty" Hunt at Fern Hill, the beautiful Ootacamund seat of the young Maharajah of Mysore. The field included his Highness, the Governor, Sir Arthur Lawley, and Lady Lawley. The run took place over the breezy downs of that part of the country

HE OPENING MEET OF THE OOTACAMUND

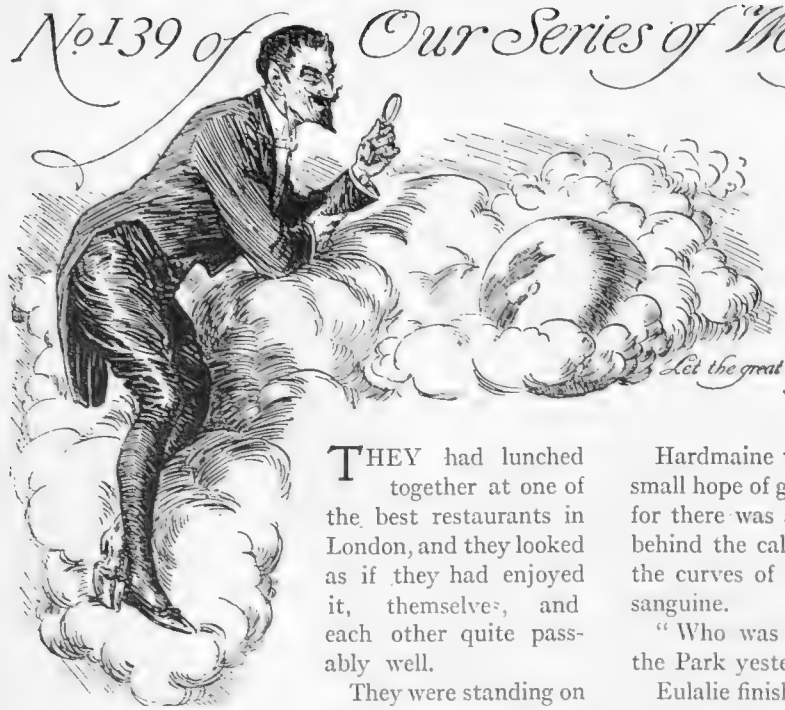
Sir Arthur Lawley
(next on right to the Maharajah and just behind)

[*Halftones, Ltd.*

FERN HILL, THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE'S SEAT AT OOTACAMUND

and a jack was soon viewed and killed. A second jack, after providing a very enjoyable run, managed to save his brush. The "Ooty" Hunt, of which Captain Godfrey Heseltine is the Master, is the largest in India, and hunts the small Indian silver-coloured fox as well as the jackal, though chiefly the latter, which gives better sport than the foxes

No. 139 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



THE OTHER MAN

By BEATRICE BIDDLE

(Author of "Hearts and Diamonds," "When Matthew Went Awooing," etc. etc.)

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study"—Chesterfield

THEY had lunched together at one of the best restaurants in London, and they looked as if they had enjoyed it, themselves, and each other quite passably well.

They were standing on the pavement outside Swan and Edgar's, and Eulalie had hailed a hansom.

"Are you going home?" asked Hardmaine.

"I suppose so," she assented, vaguely, "some time."

"Why?" he asked further, with discontent.

"I don't know," she said. "It seems a thoroughly respectably British, unquestionably correct sort of thing to do, doesn't it?" and she got into her vehicle and settled herself comfortably. "You look as if you'd got a grievance," she remarked.

He took the plunge.

"It's no use my attempting to disguise the matter any longer, I want to come, too," he said.

Her expression was sympathetic and a little sad.

"And you can't very well unless I invite you, can you?" she asked. "How unfortunate. I don't know what you're to do, I'm sure," and as he gave the driver her address and lifted his hat—not graciously—she allowed herself to make a face at him—a laughing, wicked, teasing, tantalising face, which was gone almost before he looked at it—and so she drove away.

Half an hour later, waiting a moment at the Park gates—that expedient seeming preferable to being run down by a manœuvring motor—Hardmaine glanced up, idly, and beheld Eulalie as the motor's occupant, seated beside a large, fair man, with long moustachios. She didn't see him, or, at any rate, she behaved as if she hadn't, and Hardmaine walked on, a prey to gloomy thoughts.

The morrow was the day on which Eulalie's mother paid heavily, mentally, morally, and physically—not to mention pecuniarily—for the unusual length and brilliance of her visiting list. Drawn irresistibly by his desire to absent himself, Hardmaine was present.

He had almost despaired of getting a few moments' conversation alone with Eulalie when he caught sight of her across the astonishingly wide expanse of a picture-hat. She saw him, and beckoned with her eyes, and Hardmaine, who had reduced the use of his elbows to a science, quickly reached her side.

Since it was quite impossible to sit down, they stood, and pretended, with wonderful success, that it was what they preferred.

Hardmaine went straight to the point, though with small hope of gathering the information that he craved, for there was a wicked little devil of mischief lurking behind the calm regard of Eulalie's great eyes and in the curves of her mobile lips that forbade him to be sanguine.

"Who was that man you were motoring with in the Park yesterday afternoon?" he asked.

Eulalie finished her ice, gazed a little vacantly about the room, recognised and nodded to two or three late comers, and looked up vaguely into Hardmaine's face.

"You were saying——?"

"Eulalie," said the young man, severely, "haven't you heard that it's every bit as bad to act a lie as to tell it?"

"In the course of a long life," murmured Eulalie—being just twenty-three she was still in the enviable position of being able to mention the number of her years without subterfuge—"I've heard many things; that may, or may not, have been among the number."

Hardmaine attempted a hypnotic stare.

"What was his name?" he repeated, solemnly.

"Whose?" asked Eulalie, unaffected by his efforts.

"The man with the long, fair moustache and the self-satisfied countenance," Hardmaine assisted her memory.

"I thought," murmured Eulalie, looking innocently into the dark, clean-shaven face of her interlocutor, "that the only advantage in being a man was that one could have a moustache and glory in it; and I thought everyone who'd ever read a novel knew that all dark men are predestined to villainy."

"I wonder," mused Hardmaine, sadly, "if any special fate be set aside in the scheme of the hereafter for those whose conversation never by any chance includes the words 'yea' and 'nay,' figuratively or literally. Eulalie, for the third time I ask you—*what is his name?*"

Eulalie shrugged one shoulder ever so slightly; her expression was quizzical and a little hopeless.

"If," she complained, "I were to tell you that his name was John Pott, would you believe me?"

Hardmaine shook his head, not in anger, but in sorrow.

"Certainly not. Because," he explained, "I should know that you were saying what wasn't so. Shouldn't I?"

"Why?" questioned Eulalie.

"I ask you!" cried Hardmaine, with raised brows, "does he look like a John Pott?"

"That," asserted the girl, "is his good fortune, not his fault." She looked towards the door; the large man

(*Continued on page 186*)

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Awaiting Pierrot?

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ELAINE INESCOURT

As Pierrette, in the curtain-raiser of that name at the New Theatre, which part she has taken up after her long appearance in that clever and successful four-character play, "The Mollusc"

(Continued from page 184)

with the long moustachios was just entering. Again she beckoned with her eyes.

He came.

"Mr. Pott," she said, with great distinctness, "Mr. Hardmaine is anxious to make your acquaintance," and she left the two men together.

Hardmaine scowled, but took exhaustive, if covert, stock of his new companion. There were two things about the large man that annoyed him—foolishly, and, therefore, the more obtrusively—he was fair, and he was a good inch taller than Hardmaine himself. Eulalie had found occasion to mention several times in Hardmaine's presence that a man could neither be too tall nor too fair to arouse her admiration; in fact, she had put it in a way that had led her listener to suppose that her admiration deepened with each added inch, and knelt in a spirit of rapt devotion before the yellowness of a single hair.

"It's raining," announced the large man, comfortably.

"I don't believe it," snapped Hardmaine, snatching at an excuse to be disagreeable.

Mr. Pott turned and looked at him with mild surprise, but seemed to feel no annoyance.

"Well, you needn't if you don't like," he allowed, more comfortably than ever; "it's not compulsory." And Hardmaine's contempt for the remark exploded in an inarticulate sound, which was only removed from rudeness by the breadth of a split hair.

The large man's first sign of resentment was in his next speech.

"I've read," he said, in a detached sort of voice, "that the average man is as much at the mercy of his mood as a Medium is at the mercy of what he calls his 'Controlling Spirit.'"

"And what of woman?" asked Hardmaine, ignoring the palpable inference and struggling to attune his voice to a note of everyday politeness, while having the honesty to own—inwardly—the aptness of his companion's remark, when he recognised how difficult he found his task.

"Woman is so tightly sandwiched between Saintliness and Satan that, while taking his chance as to which of those sides is uppermost, a man may make quite sure that he will never catch more than a tantalising glimpse of her real self," quoted Mr. Pott, while Hardmaine thought of Eulalie and nodded gloomy approval.

Just then Eulalie herself arrived unexpectedly at the large man's elbow. Hardmaine, looking into her eyes, met their challenge to laughter gravely and unwinkingly, and was too willingly held in the grim clutches of pessimism to derive any comfort from the fact that in no long time the momentary drooping of her lids and heightening of her colour bore witness to some internal discomposure, which she was quick to hide by the ruse of conversation.

"You look so delightfully cheery," she said to the large man; "it's quite a privilege to be near you."

He laughed his gratification. Nevertheless —— "My looks belie me," he asserted, "for I've taken up a grievance."

"Then," advised the girl, "you'd better drop it as quickly as you can, for Mr. Hardmaine," with a resentful glance at that obstinately sulky young man, "has made a corner in grievances just at present, and any speculation in that direction on the part of another would certainly end in a dead loss."

"Of course," said the large man, submissively, "if that's the course you recommend, I'll follow it; but I'm really sorry—it was such a nice, companionable grievance—the sort of thing one could sit before one's bedroom fire in one's dressing-gown and slippers and mingle cigar-smoke and sighs in memory of, don't you know?"

"You rouse my envy," laughed Eulalie. "Is it a grievance that can be divided? Could I, by any chance, take shares in it?"

"I read a book," explained John Pott, plaintively, "in which nearly all the women had been divorced from their husbands—often more than once—and nearly all the men had been divorced from their wives—always more than once—and those who were married but hadn't been divorced were thinking seriously of taking that step—at least, they imagined they were thinking seriously of it, but really they were only suffering from an acute fear of being unfashionable—and those who were not married at all were looking out for husbands or wives with a *PAST*—written in large capitals—no one who wasn't lucky enough to possess a *PAST* need apply, and that sort of thing, don't you see? It made their lives so interesting and sensational."

"And where," asked Eulalie, her eyes twinkling, "does your personality come into the book and present you with this soul-satisfying grievance?"

"I'm surprised at your question," murmured the large man, his face and voice one great reproach; "my grievance, of course, is that I haven't got any *PAST* at all—not in capitals, that is—as far as a past-in-capitals is concerned I might have been born yesterday—or even this morning. I'm too virtuous for the age in which I live, that's what's the matter, and I've only just awakened to the fact. Why, I've never even run away with my neighbour's wife, or carried off my best friend's *fiancée*; I've not even been in a position to make use of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill——"

"That," interrupted Eulalie, thoughtfully, "may only be through lack of opportunity, you know. I shouldn't"—encouragingly—"lose heart yet, if I were you. I should think—by the look of you, that is—that the future might have opportunities rolled up in it somewhere for you, if you keep your eyes open and don't insist on snoozing the time away, as you appear to have done up to the present—and some day the future must turn into the present, and then into the past, mustn't it?—and there you'd be."

"I should, indeed," agreed John Pott. "I think I'd better go home and think over your advice—it seems fraught with possibilities."

"To misuse the present in order that one may have an unwholesome past to gloat over seems a poor thing to do," remarked Hardmaine, sententiously.

"I don't see that—I might enjoy it in the making, you know," mused John Pott, preparing for departure.

"And, at any rate," murmured Eulalie, innocently, "it would not be vegetation, and that's always a point gained."

On the front doorstep the large man and Hardmaine met once more. The large man looked, guilelessly, first at the sky and then at the pavements to right and left of him.

(Continued on page 186)

A Quaint Saracenic Memory

Photo *Padget*

THE CHAPEL OF ST. GIOVANNI DEGLI EREMITI, AT PALERMO, SICILY

Just below the fine old Palazzo Reale, at Palermo, lies the quaint be-domed chapel of St. Giovanni degli Eremiti, known to visitors as the Church of the Hermits, one of the 300 odd chapels in the famous Sicilian capital. It was built in 1131, on the site of a monastery dating back from the time of Pope Gregory in the sixth century, by King Roger II., of Sicily, in memory of his father, the great Norman Count Roger, who conquered the island towards the close of the eleventh century. The influence of Saracenic art, which gives a decidedly mosque-like appearance to the edifice, is strongly marked

(*Continued from page 186*)

"I do believe it's been raining!" he said, in distinct tones.

"Damn the rain!" growled Hardmaine. And the large man smiled a cheerful smile.

. . . . . .

For a whole dreary, miserable week Hardmaine felt as a caterpillar might be supposed to feel who had shut himself up like a chrysalis by mistake, but, having done so, felt in honour bound to remain in that condition. At the end of that time he suddenly became aware that his chrysalis stage was over, and that his butterfly days were upon him.

With his nerves answering to these influences as the strings of a harp answer to the hand of the master-player, Hardmaine went to see Eulalie, and found—John Pott.

He wasn't pleased to find John Pott, but John Pott was openly, genially, maliciously pleased to be found.

"Eulalie"—there was a covert, intangible, yet, to Hardmaine's thinking, wholly aggressive something about him as he used the girl's Christian name, but Hardmaine, making a superhuman effort, kept an impassive countenance—"Eulalie will be back in a moment; she's gone to answer a note we found waiting for her when we came in from our spin in the Park."

Hardmaine's answer, though audible, was unintelligible, and John Pott continued:

"Eulalie"—there was really no need for him to repeat the name so often—"is indulging in moods to-day," he said; "in fact, not only in moods—you know her passion for thoroughness in an undertaking?—but in tenses and in persons—not to mention personalities. She began with the first person, and proved conclusively that she was a miserable sinner, which made me nervous—it was so unusual—until she hurried on to the second, and showed by irrefutable arguments that, if she were a miserable sinner, I must, of necessity, have gone at least one worse, and then, when she had taken the stiffening completely out of me, she turned her attention to the third person, in the shape of the world in general, and gave 'em some hard knocks, I tell you!—straight between the eyes they were! Bless me, if I ever knew my fellow-creatures to be such a mass of gloating corruption and wilful bestiality till Eulalie pointed it out to me!"

"Why, Phil!"

Eulalie had entered noiselessly. Hardmaine wheeled round, and, as he saw her welcoming smile and took her outstretched hand, the gloom which had been rapidly settling down upon his too expressive countenance vanished.

"'*La donna e mobile*,'" quoted John Pott, *sotto voce*.

"What's that?" demanded Eulalie, suspiciously.

"I was about to remark," explained the large man, with mendacious glibness, "that though I was willing to concede—chiefly, I allow, in the hope of retaining your good opinion—that woman is always charming, still, I feel in honour bound to add that she is most so when she unexpectedly becomes possessed of that which she coveted but thought she had got to do without."

"I can't think what you mean," murmured Eulalie, abstractedly, seating herself at the tea-table, "but I feel that it's our duty to consume every hot cake here and to send for more; so come on, both of you."

That was a truly delightful tea-party, but the most delightful moment of all arrived when John Pott, rising leisurely, cited some vague engagement as a reason for his departure, and, still leisurely, took himself away; neither did he allow the vestige of a suspicion of a reason for supposing that his engagement was an imaginary one to creep in and spoil the grace of his exit.

Left alone, Eulalie played with the sugar and tongs, and Hardmaine gazed at the little piece of lace-plus-nothing which she held in her other hand and presumably called her handkerchief.

"Once," he said, after a time of silence, "there was a lady, and she had many lovers, and the custom was, in her country, that her lovers should come and stand before her, silently, till she, desiring one of them, should drop her handkerchief at his feet, that he might pick it up and know himself beloved. So the lovers came." He stopped, and Eulalie, looking up, said:

"Yes, Phil?" interrogatively.

"——but the hard-hearted lady didn't drop her handkerchief," said Hardmaine, softly. "Eulalie," pleadingly, "why didn't she drop her handkerchief?"

Slowly Eulalie raised her hand, let it fall, and raised it again, and then that little piece of lace-plus-nothing, which she called her handkerchief, fluttered, and lay at Hardmaine's feet.

. . . . . .

So Eulalie and Phil Hardmaine were married, and had a really-down-to-date-St.-George's-Hanover-Square wedding—Eulalie's mother, with the length and brilliance of her visiting list ever before her eyes, saw to that—and all the ladies' papers kindly gave them their blessing, and spoke of the presents and the trousseau and Eulalie and Hardmaine in a manner that led those for whom they wrote to suppose that all the writers were the bride's bosom friends, and had only refrained from marrying the bridegroom themselves out of a spirit of altruistic consideration for Eulalie's feelings.

Among the wedding presents was a beautiful silver tea-tray, the gift of one John Philpott.

"And who on earth is *he?*" inquired Hardmaine, when he was shown it. Then Eulalie laughed and looked at John Pott, who was present, and said, a little apologetically:

"Behold him!" and Hardmaine, being blissfully aware of the fact that he had got all he wanted, forgave the imposture and laughed and shook this new-old acquaintance by the hand.

. . . . . .

At the reception which followed the wedding, Eulalie found the quondam John Pott beside her.

"Have you yet begun to create a past?" she asked him.

"Not yet," confessed the large man; "but now that you are married, I feel that I shall have the incentive which, hitherto, has been lacking."

A little while later, as they stood talking to him, he raised his hands with mock gravity:

"Bless you, my children," he intoned, "and if, after marriage, you should need a buffer, even as you did before it—John Pott will always be ready to accommodate you."

BEATRICE BIDDLE.

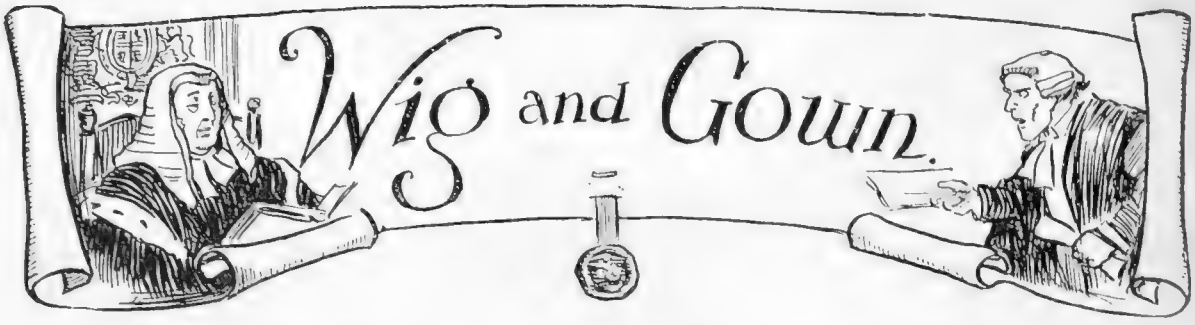
A Butterfly

FROM THE PALACE OF PUCK

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS LUCIE CAINE

Now playing as Lalage, an art student in "Butterflies," the highly successful musical version of Mr. W. J. Locke's "The Palace of Puck" at the Apollo



The Asquith Dinner

The dinner given by the Bar to the Prime Minister in the Inner Temple Hall was not only an historic event, as we have been informed by the Press *ad nauseam*, but was also a great social success. On this occasion one usual feature of legal entertainments had to be omitted. As a rule, the guest of the evening is a Judge or other high legal dignitary, and the point of the after-dinner speeches, if his appointment is recent, is to show him how to conduct himself in the future, and if it is of long standing, to point out the errors in his past. In Mr. Asquith's case this could not be done without trenching on politics, and so the Attorney-General and Sir Edward Clarke had to confine themselves to more general topics, and very well they did it.

The Doyen of the Inner Temple

Everybody was delighted that Mr. Baylis, K.C., the Grand Old Man of the Inner Temple, was able to be present. He was born within two years of the battle of Waterloo, and is, therefore, perhaps, the oldest man who is a member of the Bar, though very far from being the oldest barrister, for he was not called till 1856. The discrepancy between these dates is explained by the fact that from 1840 to 1856 he practised as one of the now extinct race of "special pleaders," who were licensed to give opinions and prepare legal documents but not to appear in Court as advocates.

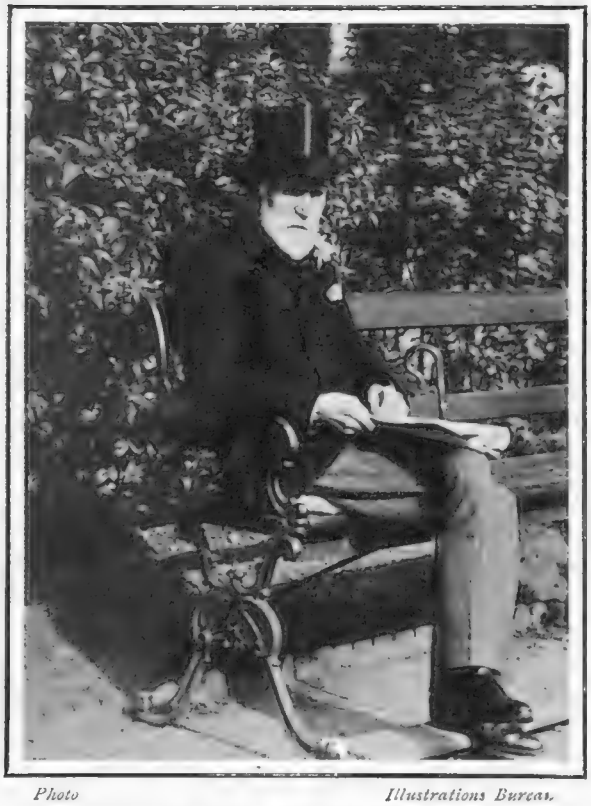


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The G.O.M. of the Inner Temple

Mr. T. H. Baylis, K.C., the oldest man who is a member of the Bar, who has just celebrated his ninety-first birthday, and was present the other night at the dinner given to Mr. Asquith. From 1840 to 1856 he practised as one of the now extinct race of "special pleaders"

Lawyers in Parliament

It is remarkable that out of the great number of eminent barristers who are always to be found in the House of Commons none should have attained the dignity of Prime Minister from the days of Perceval to the present time. I think that the real reason of Mr. Asquith's success is that he has always subordinated his professional practice to his politics, while to nearly every other legal M.P. the principal inducement to enter Parliament has been a pecuniary one. If he is very successful he may become Chancellor, Attorney or Solicitor-General, or a Judge; if moderately successful a County Court Judge or Recorder; and even if he fails to obtain any of these offices, many of the solicitors in his constituency will like to impress their clients by briefing the local M.P. This fact is perfectly well known to his Party leaders, and, however able he may be, they never quite regard him as a serious politician.

Loaves and Fishes

At the present moment most of these gentlemen are sadly disappointed. This Parliament contains an unprecedented number of lawyers, in the ranks as well as at the head, and nothing short of a miracle, or the creation of fresh billets for the "barrister of not less than seven years' standing" that Mr. Masterman made merry over the other day, would enable the supply of loaves and fishes to go round. Of course, the discontent is in the Ministerial ranks; the Unionists have nothing to complain of, for the spoils always go to the victors. Their grievance is a real one, for a great deal of the Government patronage has been distributed in a very objectionable way. This remark has no reference to the Lord Chancellor, who has earned the eternal gratitude of the profession for the admirable appointments he has made, but rather to the Home Secretary and Attorney-General, who distribute most of the smaller patronage. The unwritten rules that the Recorder of a borough shall be chosen from the local circuit, and that the prosecutions shall be distributed as widely as possible among the friends of the Government, seem to have passed into oblivion, and more than one M.P. is making quite a substantial income by accumulating a quantity of patronage, three-quarters of which ought to have been divided among a number of other people who have worked quite as hard as he for the Ministerial cause.

A Real Scenic Railway

WHICH EVEN RIVALS THAT AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH!

Photo *Platé and Co., Ceylon*

THE ENCHANTED ISLE OF CEYLON: THE VIEW FROM THE RAILWAY, NEAR HATTON

Travellers to China and Australia by P. and O. and other lines are, more and more, making a practice of breaking their journey at Ceylon and spending some days exploring this land of beauty and delight. Much of the most delightful and fascinating country is now easily accessible by the railway from Colombo, while for the motorist the main roads hold no terrors

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Leaven." By Douglas Blackburn. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"The Little Brown Brother." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Constable: 6s.)

"Aunt Maud." By Ernest Oldmeadow. (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)

THE COLOUR PROBLEM IN FICTION

What is, perhaps, the greatest of all problems of the future—the relationship between the white and the coloured races—is strikingly brought into view by two novels of the week:

"Leaven." By Douglas Blackburn. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"The Little Brown Brother." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Constable: 6s.)

The former touches on the problem as it confronts us British in South Africa: the latter, as it touches our American cousins in the Philippines.

* * *

Another Uncle Tom?

To take Mr. Blackburn's book first, it is hardly an exaggeration to call it one of the most powerful presentations of the negro cause submitted to us since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and I should not be surprised to find it arousing some echo of the same din of humanitarian sentiment. The negro's lot in Natal, as unfolded to us in this story, is not a happy one. "Slavery" is an awkward word to use, but, with all the desire to be fair to the man on the spot, it is difficult otherwise to term the lot of the Kaffirs who populate these pages. A labourer is either a free man or not a free man, and if he is the latter, it is mere word-chopping to call him by any other name than slave. The African negro is *not* a free man because, while the laws protect him from compulsion, sweating, overwork, etc., those who administer the laws do not, because they are afraid to offend against the gospel of the sacrosanctity of the white man. For a negro to get a verdict is rare; therefore, negroes do not bring actions. *Ergo*: the actual condition of the Kaffir is one of servitude despite the law. By taking as his hero a fine Zulu boy, such as Bulalie, and enlisting our liking and admiration for his simple and manly qualities, we are made to see the life of the negro as he sees it himself. Bulalie is forced to work, robbed, wrongly accused, imprisoned, and lashed—and all because there is no real legal protection for such as he. His mistress robs him of a diamond he is keeping for his friend: he asks her for it. She screams, and arouses the household. The sequel is that the boy is charged with the heinous crime of attempted outrage on a white woman, and is sentenced to prison and the lash without a hope of acquittal. Why? Because it would *never* do to take a Kaffir's word against that of a white woman! What *would* be the end of it?

The Laureate's Latest Portrait

Mr. Alfred Austin, photographed (with a flowery background) at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, where he opened the "Country in Town" Exhibition

* * *

The Ruinous Process of Conversion

The next phase of the book deals with the question of the missionary. Bulalie escapes from prison and is taken in hand by the missionary, Hyslop. He is taught to read and write, and to do figures, his motive in seeking this knowledge being that he may restore to its owner the diamond which has been the cause of his previous trouble. Well, the very "conversion" and education of the boy is shown to be his undoing morally. "Convert a Kaffir and ruin him" is the apparent axiom. Bulalie's education, when he is "enlisted" for the New Yankee Mine on the Rand, wins for him the position of head boy to the compound manager, Mr. Dane—a delightful scoundrel, whom I should like to frame. From that proud eminence, he is enabled to "do his neighbour" on the most approved of Christian lines. With the secret approval and interest of his "baas," he sets up as a smuggler of liquor, which he sells at 100 per cent. profit to his fellow-slaves—I mean miners. He also does a bit of usury, and, in fact, grows quite rich. He ends up as a splendid specimen of degenerate, not because of the natural depravity, but because of the invariable fate of the converted negro—

As It Was And Is

QUEBEC, AS IT HAS CHANGED SINCE WOLFE'S TIME

Quebec, 1759: The City as it was when Captured by Wolfe. (From an Old Print) [*Mansell, Leon*

[*Photo*] Quebec, 1908: The Same View as the Above, showing the City as it Greets the Prince of Wales to-day (July 22) [*E.N.A.*

Hardly anything in the history of the Empire's cities is so remarkable as the progress of Quebec. Founded by Champlain in 1608, wrested by Wolfe's heroic daring from the French in 1759, the city began in glory and continued in prosperity. It is now one of the finest cities of our Empire overseas, as Canada is the brightest gem in the Imperial diadem. Quebec's greatness has grown chiefly in the last half century, and the Tercentenary celebrations, graced by the presence of the Prince of Wales, mark no resting on laurels already won by the Dominion, but rather an inspiring moment in her development towards yet greater things

demoralisation. Contact with the white man—the type of white man who finds himself on the Rand—teaches him the worst of white vices, and carefully precludes him from all opportunity of learning their virtues. Mr. Blackburn leaves the choice between two alternatives. Isolate the native, by keeping him in compounds, or sending him back to his kraals, or—set him a better example! So long, he infers, as we whites break all the commandments before his eyes, it is insanity to expect that the negro is going to be a Christian. We must, in short, either so improve ourselves that our "black brother" may see and emulate our beauty and nobility of character, or else have no contact with him whatsoever. I think, perhaps, the latter will be the shortest cut! It is safe to assume that there will not be a black skin left in Africa by the time—if it ever comes—that white men out for money attain enough collective virtue to set up an example likely to move one Kaffir to genuine emulation.

* * *

A Vindication of Spanish Rule

In *The Little Brown Brother* the problem is less forcibly presented, but the story itself has charm and an abundance of Filipino local colour. Our flesh is made to creep with the horrors of certain fanatical hillmen—the Pulajanes—against whom are found campaigning the interesting people of the book—an American subaltern with pro-Filipino proclivities, a cashiered English officer "loafing about the East," some majors and colonels, *and* the heroine, a very charming and plucky English girl, with whom Rayne and North—the American and English soldier-men—are respectively and competitively in love. We are invited to behold the treacherous nature of the "mestizo," whom "Mr. Secretary Graft" has bidden his countrymen to regard as his "little brown brother." How deep a humbug he can be is divulged at the end, when, to their amazement and horror, the campaigners discover that the cause of the Pulajane warfare with the "bolo" knife, and the author of all the horrors, is the one "little brown brother" who has enjoyed the cream of the confidence of the States—Anugar, Governor of the Island of Calbayog. The line of argument followed is the folly of entrusting the Oriental with democratic self-government—the hopelessness of making of him a good citizen. Whether Mr. Hyatt is an American himself I know not. If so, it is to be noted that he pays a very handsome tribute to British and Spanish colonial methods as against those of the American. It is so unusual to hear anything good about the Spanish system that I cannot refrain from quoting the passage in which it is extolled:

> The Spaniard suited the East. He was restful, impressive, haughty, with a supreme contempt for the weaker side, and a perfect disregard for political ethics. He was never in a hurry. When he built, he built after due reflection, solidly and well, built things which would endure. He might be unsympathetic, unprogressive, cruel even; but he could never be cheap. He believed in himself, and, if only for that reason, he succeeded.
>
> To-day, many people, not knowing or not understanding, are prone to sneer at the Spanish colonial empire; but wise men, white men to whom the ideals of the West are sacred, should raise their hats when it is mentioned, for, with all its faults, it was a very wonderful thing, a great civilising influence, and most wonderful of all in that it lasted so long after Spain herself had declined.

V. C.

Photo *Elliott and Baglow*

The Colour Problem in Canada: Indian Chiefs with a Grievance on their way to Ottawa to "see the Government"

The Indians of British Columbia have a grievance regarding the restrictions put upon them by the Government. Ideas of civilisation are expanding their breasts, and they wish to be treated like their "white brothers." So a deputation of Chiefs, including Joe Capilano, who, by the way, was one of those who came to London to see the King some time ago, is now seeking an interview with the authorities at Ottawa. Their sentiments are, "equality, fraternity, and liberty," or words to that effect

Fair Scene—Fast Time

MOTOR RACING IN THE MIDLANDS

Phot *Campbell-Gray*

THE 45 H.-P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER, DRIVEN BY MR. NEWTON, STARTING AT COALPORT HILL, AT THE MEETING OF THE WOLVERHAMPTON AUTOMOBILE CLUB, WHERE IT MADE FASTEST TIME LAST SATURDAY WEEK

OUTDOOR LIFE

A Marksman from Greece Shooting in Loose-Fitting Overalls

The curious method of this competitor of holding his rifle will be noted. There is a handle attachment in front of the trigger-guard, which may be useful in shooting in a standing position, but would scarcely be practicable in warfare

SHOOTING

The Olympic Bisley

A notable gathering of the marksmen of the world, and an interesting comparison in rifles and methods, were produced by the shooting section of the Olympic Games. Though the results on the whole were a little disappointing, it must be borne in mind that squally winds, such as prevailed on the first two days of the meeting, never did, and never will, make for perfect marksmanship. From the British standpoint, nothing was more satisfactory than the magnificent score made by Colonel J. K. Millner in winning the 1000 yds. Olympic, or Long Range World's Championship, the Irish veteran making 98 points out of a possible 100. In the team competition at 300 metres, we were beaten to the world, as the saying is. It is all very well to grumble about the advantages enjoyed by the foreigners in the way of hair-triggers and fancy match rifles. Such excuses, however well-founded they may be, sound just a little graceless in the hour of defeat, and nothing can alter the fact that we were sixth down.

Where America Scored

We were beaten again, but this time certainly not humiliated, in the great International Match at 800, 900, and 1,000 yds. Here was much more warlike, more practical, work than in the 300-metre affair, and the Continental marksmen were completely outpointed. We found our strongest opponents in the United States and Canada, and eventually divided them and filled second place. Why the Americans won is a question that has been discussed almost *ad nauseam* ; but when all side-issues have been cut away, the answer must stand out boldly and clearly—because they were the better shots. A splendidly organised team, they accomplished their work with the utmost collectedness. Their victory was really a triumph for the short rifle, as their weapon was the "Springfield," that has now been taken up in the American Army. Of the revolver team shooting the most noteworthy feature was the remarkable success of the small-bore, long-barrelled pistols, in the use of which Sergeant-Major Wallingford and our other men were distinctly handicapped by want of practice as compared with the Americans, who scored another success in this contest.

The American Cracks at the Olympic Bisley

America won the Revolver Shooting at the Olympic Games, as well as the Great International Match at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards

ROWING

The Kingston Regatta

That popular up-river regatta at Kingston this year saw no falling off in the matter of attendance or the quality of the racing. The chief feature of the programme, however, was the complete effacement of the local clubs of Kingston, Twickenham, and Molesey, all the honours going to members of the Thames, London, and other tideway clubs; but, nevertheless, several close and exciting finishes were seen. With the same crew which took part in the Grand at Henley, the Thames R.C. beat Kingston in the final

Photos *Gibbs*

Sergt.-Major Wallingford at the Revolver Ranges

He made top score for the United Kingdom in the Revolver Team Shooting Contest, in which we were defeated by America and Belgium at the Olympic Bisley

Kingston's Water Carnival

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

THE LONDON ROWING CLUB BEAT KINGSTON IN THE CORONATION CUP

The popular regatta at Kingston was, this year, chiefly notable for the way that the tideway clubs won all the chief events, though in nearly every case there were close finishes with the local crews from Kingston, Twickenham, and Molesey. Two Hungarian Olympic competitors, Keller and Levitzky, were easily beaten in the Senior Sculls by Edye, of the Auriol Club

Quite an Olympic Hammering!

of the Grand Challenge Cup, while in the Coronation Cup the honours went to London. One of the most interesting appearances, however, was that of two Olympic competitors, Keller and Levitzky, from Budapest. In the Senior Sculls they only had to meet Edye, last year's winner of the Wingfield Sculls, but the Auriol man had an easy task, for the visitors' sculling was much inferior to his own.

GOLF. By ERNEST LEHMANN

The French Championship

The result of the French Championship this year sets the seal on the success of our men as against foreign competition. Last year, it will be remembered that Massy retained his French title in addition to having gained the British one, in spite of the competition of some of our best players, including Braid. Not only was Massy first, but another Frenchman, Gassiat, finished second, in front of Braid. This year a goodly company of our men went over fresh from the din and turmoil of our own Championship. At the end of the first day's play, which took place on a Saturday, Braid looked like repeating his Prestwick triumph. He was several strokes ahead of the nearest competitor. But Sunday worked sad havoc with Braid's putting. Whether the great "James" had the fear of the Elders weighing on him, or felt instinctively that the "Sawbath" was no day for the "gouf," I know not, but his third round put him out of the running. Meanwhile, Taylor, having apparently imbued himself with the spirit of the French Sunday, played most brilliantly in his third round, and with a steady after-*déjeuner* score, found himself the happy possessor of the title of Open Champion of France.

A Golf "Entente"

This success makes some amends to Taylor for his run of bad luck in our Championship during recent years. He has also the satisfaction of knowing that he gained the title at the first time of asking, this being his first appearance in the French lists. He has published a charming letter of thanks to his French hosts in *Golf Illustrated*. He has also asked me to make special mention on behalf of himself and fellow-players of the great kindness and hospitality that was shown them by everyone. I know how gratifying it will be to that best of good sportsmen, M. Pierre Deschamps, the President of the French Club, to know that his hospitality and kindness were thoroughly appreciated by our men. He will also be glad to hear Taylor's opinion of the "La Boulie" course, which I give in his own words. Taylor says: "I found La Boulie quite good, of good length, very sporting and intricate, with putting greens much above the average in excellence. It was the general opinion among us that it would be improved by some additional bunkers." Thus ends another pleasant episode in the history of the *Entente Cordiale*. Massy finished second to Taylor, being equal with Mayo, who made a fine effort on the second day.

Massy's Return to Form

Since then, Massy has given fresh evidence of his return to form by winning a competition at Seaford, while in the Southern Section Qualifying Competition for the *News of the World* Tournament he has gained fresh laurels by finishing first with a score of 142, four strokes better than Tom Vardon, the second man. In his second round he did a record of the Bushey course with a 69, in spite of being out of bounds at the eighth and twelfth holes. Perhaps this success will encourage him to take up afresh the idea of a foursome match between himself, partnered by Louis Tellier, his assistant at La Boulie, who finished fifth in the French Championship, and any two British players. This challenge was issued just after the La Boulie event, but, apparently, without Massy's full authority. Tellier is an unknown factor to me, so that I cannot estimate the chances of the French pair, but such a match would be a very interesting event, and I have no doubt that the Frenchmen would give their supporters a good run for their money.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Beating the Hammer-Throwing Record

J. J. Flanagan, the American, who beat all previous records by throwing a distance of 170ft. 4½in. at Shepherd's Bush last week

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The Wane of the London Polo Season

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Rival Attractions at Hurlingham: The Final of the County Cup and the Start for the Balloon Race (ultimately abandoned)

Visitors to Hurlingham have, this season, found their attentions divided between polo and starts for aerial races—some of which never progress beyond the start, as was the case on Saturday week, owing to the adverse winds. In the final for the County Cup, play for which is seen going on in the above photograph, the Wirral Team beat Salisbury Plain by 3 goals to 2

POLO. By A. W. C.

A Successful Season Nearly Over

To-day we enter on the closing week of the London polo season. All the tournaments are over, and in August the scene will be changed to Cirencester, Rugby, Blackmore Vale, and other clubs where the provincial competitions are pleasantly fought out away from the fashionable crowds of the season in Town. After an unpromising start, polo in London bucked up amazingly in June, and I think we can safely describe it as one of the most successful seasons of recent years.

The Form of Leading Players

What we like to see is young players working their way into the front rank. Lord Wodehouse and Captain Bellville have certainly done this, while Captain Fitzgerald, of the 11th Hussars, has proved himself to be one of the smartest No. 2's of the day. Perhaps the most promising youngster of the season is Mr. N. Loder, of the Cambridge University, who is a first-class player in the making if ever I saw one. And what of the old hands? Since the Champion Cup Tournament I have thought Mr. Buckmaster to be a little off colour. He is still, however, our foremost player by common consent. Mr. Freake, his old comrade-in-arms, has been playing better than ever, while it is difficult to detect any real falling-off in the play of the Millers. Captain Herbert Wilson has improved wonderfully, and Captain Jenner has always more than held his own when an important issue has been at stake. Perhaps Messrs. Morres and Patteson Nickalls have not been so conspicuous as usual, and their brother Cecil has been so seldom seen in the saddle that we cannot speak as to his form. Mr. W. L. Palmer, of the 10th Hussars, has made good use of his leave from India, putting in many capital games for the Tigers.

ATHLETICS

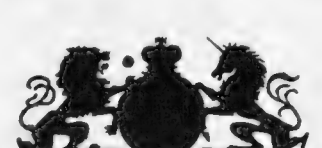
Toujours les jeux Olympiques

The Olympic Games proper—if one may so distinguish the contests which are held in, or in the vicinity of, the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush—commenced on the Monday of last week, and, as at the time of writing they are still in progress, I must postpone my detailed comments upon them until next week.

Northward Ho! for the Holidays: On the Shores of Looh-na-Naugh, near Fort William

Despite the many inducements to visit the Continent and West and East Coasts of our Island, the claims of Scotland still appeal to the majority of holiday-makers, and, this year, a record rush northward is anticipated. The journey thither by the East Coast Route from King's Cross is one of the most interesting that could be imagined, taking in as it does some of our most beautiful country and cathedral cities, and once a visitor to "beyond the Tweed," though other spots may be visited in due course, one always returns with pleasure to the charms of "Caledonia, stern and wild"

By Special Appointment



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Boo-ers at Sandown

Photo *Muggeridge*

His Majesty's Winner

The King's Princess de Galles (H. Jones up), the winner of the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket last week

So far as the results are to hand, England has done quite well, but she lost the 1,500 metres race, which she should have won, by the way in which her representatives muddled their pacing, thereby letting in the American, Sheppard. Another noteworthy win (which, however, was quite expected) for America was achieved by J. J. Flanagan in the hammer, and his throw of 170 ft. 4½in. beat the existing British record. Larner, in the 3,500 metres walk, and Kingsbury in the 20 kilometres and C. H. Bartlett in the 1,000 kilometres bicycle races, scored good wins for England.

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE

The Scene at Sandown

If the boo-ers and riff-raff who hooted and howled at the result of the Eclipse Stakes last week are not, on sober reflection, heartily ashamed of themselves, then they ought to be. No doubt the big crowd at Sandown Park included many visitors from abroad who had come to see one of England's national sports. What must they have thought of the disgraceful demonstration? What impression of English racing and boasted British sportsmanship can they carry back to their own countries? A certain section of the followers of the Turf chose to take the victory of Your Majesty as an opportunity for voicing their dislike for the horse's owner—dislike which has been inflamed by certain proceedings now engaging the attention of the Courts. But, happily, the miserable disorder was confined to the thoughtless mob, and everyone possessed of the best instincts of sport was agreed that the scene was deeply to be regretted.

Your Majesty's Success

Readers of these notes will not have been unprepared for the success of Your Majesty, as last week I wrote of him as the best of the outsiders, and pointed out his prospects of at least getting placed. The picture in the Sandown paddock was not nearly so brilliant as we usually see on the afternoon of the Eclipse Stakes. The weather was unkind. Between the showers people ventured out of the stands to look over the competitors, but before we had had a fair chance of seeing them all, down came the rain in a deluge, causing a frantic rush for shelter. Still, it cleared up just in time for the parade, and the ten starters made a pretty array. Disappointment was keen when it was known that Signorinetta could not compete, the heroine of Epsom having gone amiss, and this took a lot of the interest out of the race. It was just such a day, with the going soft and difficult, as would have suited Signorinetta's fine stamina, and might have pulled her through. It was correspondingly unfavourable for White Eagle and Lesbia, who are not stayers of the first calibre. Santo Strato carried Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's colours very prominently, and what a different scene would have ensued had this horse won! But Your Majesty was too good for him, and triumphed in very gallant style. In winning the big race on Saturday, Bayardo ended a good week for our selections, Fallen Angel and Opal having previously hit the mark.

The Liverpool Cup

Some of the most interesting racing of the summer ought to be seen this week at Liverpool, where the chief excitement will be roused by the Liverpool Cup on Friday. Here we have old Dean Swift at the top of the handicap, but I scarcely think this is quite his course. Procope is a horse who will win a good race before the end of the season, unless my judgment is entirely at fault, but it may not happen until the autumn. More to my liking at Liverpool is The Bedouin, whose recent failures should not blind us to the fact that he is a really good horse, as he has been distinctly unlucky once or twice. Best of the others I like Queen's Advocate, but it is by no means certain at the time of writing whether he will represent Taylor's stable, as the Manton trainer has no fewer than five horses in the race, all possessing respectable chances on the book. My selection is **The Bedouin**, and Taylor's representative ought to be in the first three. On Wednesday the Molyneux Plate will bring out some good sprinters, of which **Gnome** may prove the best, while **Electra** may take the Great Lancashire Stakes on the following day. At Hurst Park on Saturday the King has a good chance of winning the Foal Plate with Minoru or **Princess de Galles**, the latter being a very charming and high-class filly.

A Racing Paradise

Under bright skies Goodwood is a paradise among race meetings; in the rain it is something quite different. Still, the new stands make things vastly more comfortable than they were in the old days, and it is to be hoped that by next week the spell of wet weather will have reached its end. Before another issue of THE BYSTANDER the Stewards' Cup will have been added to the list of past events. Lucky will be the man to find its winner, as the race is invariably one of the most open of the season, and next week's contest is no exception. My selection is **Poor Boy**, who was unlucky not to win the Royal Hunt Cup.

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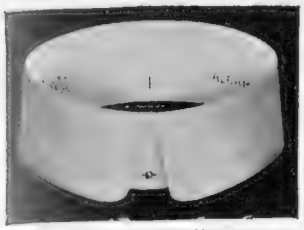

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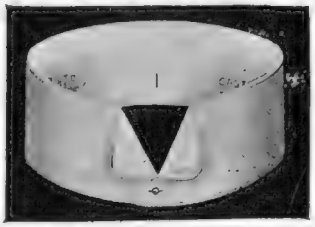

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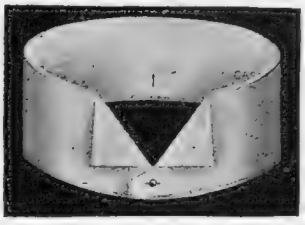

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RAZORS.

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Our Friends in Need

Why should not we have an equivalent of the D.S.O. medal for presentation to those great-hearted Samaritans who so cheerfully come to the assistance of motorists whose cars have fallen out of action by the wayside? I earnestly commend the suggestion to Mr. Julian Ordé, and I feel assured that, although in every case all possible help is afforded by brother automobilists freely and ungrudgingly, an official recognition would be treasured as a very pleasant souvenir. I am led to these remarks by an incident which occurred to me on Wednesday as I was *en route* to the Hastings Gymkhana. With a couple of friends, I took my new Gladiator gaily as far as Lamberhurst, where we were hung up by failure of the magneto. All efforts of our own and those of one or two passing motorists failed to put things right, and the prospect of a pleasant day by the sea looked more and more remote as time sped on. Just when things were getting desperate, a gentleman on horseback rode up and inquired, with great geniality, if he could be of any service. "I have," said he, "three or four cars at my place here, and will send one of my men to see what he can do." It is no disparagement to the chauffeur in question to record that his efforts also proved unavailing, because so very few people really understand magneto-ignition properly. Mr. Simpson, of Lamberhurst, my friend in need, then very kindly took me on to Hastings in one of his own cars, and once there I found Mr. Alec Mosses, of the Clement Company, who sent his expert up to Lamberhurst to put things right.

The Revival of the Poke-Bonnet for Motoring

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The Cause of the Trouble

It transpired that a small hole in the insulation had caused a short circuit, and ultimately the repair was effected. The incident, however, has taught me two things: first, a very hearty appreciation of the kindness one meets from hitherto complete strangers; and, secondly, the strong desirability of carrying an accumulator for use in emergencies. I need scarcely say that I tender to Mr. Simpson and

Photos *Topical Agency*

Miss W. de Harries, on her Renault, Cleaving the Turk's Head

The Motor Gymkhana at Hastings and St. Leonards is now a prominent annual function, which claims the attention of motorists for many miles around, and at their carnival last week there was a large attendance of cars ready to take part in both the serious and "fancy" events

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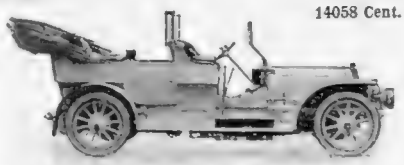

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to Mr. Alec Mosses my most grateful thanks, and, as our Gallic friends would add, I beg to give them assurance of my most distinguished esteem.

* * *

Collisions and Consequences

A friend of mine, who a few weeks ago became possessed of a new and superbly appointed 28 h.-p. Gladiator landaulette, informs me he has a grievance. His complaint is not against the car or the company from whom he bought it, but against a common or garden taxicab which ran into his car from behind and occasioned considerable damage. The circumstances, according to my friend's chauffeur, were these. The car was being driven northwards along Charing Cross Road, when, on approaching the open space outside the Palace Theatre, the driver was stopped by the policeman regulating the traffic. The taxicab man, in attempting to get his bonnet in front or on a level with the Gladiator, skidded to the left and shook things up from behind. Recriminations, of course, ensued between the two drivers, numbers and names were taken and exchanged, more or less politely, and a lengthy correspondence ensued. My friend's contention that he is entitled to compensation is disputed by the taxicab people on grounds which appear to me to be somewhat incongruous. They are (1) that the collision was purely accidental and unavoidable owing to the greasy state of the street, and (2) that the taxicab driver was not their servant, inasmuch as he hires the vehicle from them at a given sum *per diem* and makes what he can for himself. Litigation, as most of us know to our cost, is to be avoided as much as possible, but obviously there are occasions when one feels that legal action is the only way if one is to fight for one's rights as a law-abiding citizen. Of course, in the case of my friend, if he is advised that his remedy must be sought from the driver personally, and not from the proprietors of the assaulting vehicle, wisdom will probably dictate a policy of "pay and look pleasant."

* * *

A Similar Case

I understand, however, that a case bearing very closely on the point at issue has been decided by the Court of Appeal, in which a County Court Judge awarded damages to a plaintiff for injuries received through the negligent driving of the defendant's cab-driver, the defence being that the relation of master and servant did not exist because the "cabby" paid sixteen shillings a day for horse and cab and made what he could out of the bargain. The Court of Appeal laid it down that the point as to whether the relations between master and servant did or did not actually exist was immaterial, because, as far as the public are concerned, it is a *necessary implication* that the cab-owner's driver *is* his servant, and the owner must be liable for any damage caused by the negligence of the driver. That case and decision were under the Metropolitan Hackney Carriage Acts, and whether or not a similar view will be taken in regard to two motor carriages remains to be seen. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

The Presidential Candidate, Mr. Taft, and General Luke E. Wright, his Successor as Secretary of War, in the Government White Steamer at Oyster Bay

Mr. Taft is a keen motorist, and frequently makes use of the U.S. Government White Car in preference to the railway. When doing so, he is not always particular about keeping exactly within the speed limit, which little failing, however, has not lost him any sympathy with the motoring members of his party!

* * *

Miscellanea

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Bathing Chalets.
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These Chalets continue to grow in favour at the seaside, being much preferable to tents, and, having lock-up doors, are proof against the depredations of tramps, mischievous boys and dogs. They are a great convenience to families and parties staying near the sea, and can be used for Bathing purposes, or as Tea Rooms, Luncheon Rooms, etc., etc., while, being constructed in sections, they can be easily erected and removed at will.

REVOLVING SHELTERS. *SLEEPING CHALETS.* *GARDEN SHELTERS, Etc.*
Illustrated Catalogue free on application.
BOULTON & PAUL, Ltd., Dept. B, NORWICH.
Established over a Century.

FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Although we have yet to face Goodwood—never, however, a very onerous task where dress is concerned—I am going to talk about Cowes. I will confess it is rather a persuasive theme with me, sea, sailors, and ozone alike appealing with almost equal fervour. The right sort of naval man is always a breezy person, easy to get on with on superficial subjects, but a very oyster where his own particular service—*the* Service, as it is colloquially put—is concerned. And the yachtswoman, too, is rather delicious, an eminently outdoor creature, whose face can successfully withstand the onslaught of salt sea spray.

An Original Yachting Design

Which may be carried out in linen, *piqué*, serge, or flannel cloth, relieved by vast folds and buttons of black and white Pekiné silk

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Cowes to be at Its Best

So runs the verdict, and it has sufficed to inspire great confidence in the placing of the orders for just the right type of gown to meet the various exigencies. For Cowes, after all, is not entirely composed of sea and boats; there is quite an appreciable amount of Castle lawn, afternoon tea-ing, dining, etc., contingencies that require suitable gowns, so far as the women are concerned.

Dress, of course, needs to be considerably guided by the position one takes at this representative regatta, although it is always well to be prepared for unforeseen events. Perhaps nowhere is it possible to have a more pronounced tailor *succès* than here, and the present season is assured of touching a pinnacle in respect of perfectly built and executed coats and skirts, effected in cream serge, heavy Shantung, *piqué*, and white linen, with a particular emphasis on the latter. A ubiquitous note will be provided in touches of black. Sometimes this will be merely introduced in the guise of a high folded black satin stock, surmounted by a snowy hemstitched *lingerie* frill, and, perhaps, but not necessarily, repeated in the hat. Again we find it serving a telling end in a black and white striped vest, and, perchance, other details, a reflection that brings me directly to

Our Original Yachting Design

There is something amounting to consummate skill in this entire *ensemble*, and yet no canon of good taste is in the very slightest degree strained. Proof is fully afforded of its practical services by the easy action of the wearer mounting the companion of a yacht, and yet withal there is preserved the slim appearance now decreed in the silhouette.

Although I would fain leave the question of material an open matter, linen, *piqué*, serge, or flannel cloth all serving the end with equal complacency, the last-named is rather suggested by the picture, relieved by vast folds and buttons of black and white Pekiné silk. The skirt is especially noticeable for its sense, the front width being kept entirely plain, the flat pleats only starting at either side, while the coat is of a vague fit throughout, admittedly the most difficult of any to achieve with perfect success. A practised tailor-hand is alone capable of battling with its intricacies, and therein lies the triumph of the perfectly turned-out tailored suit at Cowes. It invariably stands triumphant and supreme.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 242.—Vol. XIX. Wednesday, July 22, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

By Order of the Executors of the late Henry Adams, Esq. VERY CHARMING RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY.

BRAY, NEAR MAIDENHEAD (IN THE ANCIENT HUNDRED OF BRAY, ABOUT 1 MILE FROM STATION, near one of the most favourite reaches of the Thames, and within an easy drive of Windsor and Ascot).—

"CANON HILL," BRAY, WICK,

a complete and historic county seat, the possession of which ensures the owner a high position in this high-class residential district. Being an easy motoring distance from London and having express service of trains, it is suitable for a gentleman of position with Parliamentary or business connection in London. The House, which is secluded in its own grandly timbered park, away from noise and dust, has

VERY LOVELY PLEASURE GROUNDS,

including terraced rose garden and shady shrubbery walks. Long winding carriage drive sweeping over pretty river (with boating and fishing). Ample accommodation for a family. 5 handsome reception rooms en suite, and opening into large conservatories, lounge hall, billiard room, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Grand solid oak staircase and complete offices. Stabling for 11. Model farmery. Dairy. 5 cottages. Lodge entrance.

TOTAL AREA ABOUT 157A. 2R. 34P.

64 acres on opposite side of road and quite apart, will be Sold as a separate Lot. This has three long frontages and could be economically developed. Also plot of land about 1r. 5p. with frontage to Bray Road. Unless previously disposed of, this most compact and charming Property will be SOLD, with possession, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, July 28.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. FERRIS and PUCKRIDGE, Surveyors, 82, Queen Street, Cheapside, and Milton, Pewsey, Wilts; of Messrs. PONTIFEX, HEWITT and PITT, the Vendors' Solicitors, 16, St. Andrews Street, Holborn; and of HAMPTON and SONS, Auctioneers, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

By Order of Executors of Major Curteis Stileman.

WINCHELSEA, SUSSEX COAST.

The most picturesque and historic town and Cinque Port in England.

"THE FRIARS," WINCHELSEA.

"THE FRIARS," WINCHELSEA.

A GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE, with park, grounds, etc., of about 80 acres, including the interesting ruins of the Grey Friars Chapel. The property includes the whole of the Seaward Cliff of Winchelsea, finely timbered and possessing enormous frontages, presents a unique opportunity for profitable development. Also "Sea View House," Winchelsea, and old garden on the cliff. Building and accommodation lands in Lots of 4, 7, and 8 acres: several cottages, plots, etc.

HAMPTON AND SONS will SELL the above valuable Estate by AUCTION, at the Mart, on Tuesday, July 28. Vendors' Solicitors, Messrs. STILEMAN and NEATE, 16, Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.—Particulars, with plan and views, of the Auctioneers, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"GREY FRIARS," CHAPEL AND GROUNDS.

CLOSE TO FAMOUS SUNNINGDALE GOLF COURSE.

"In the heart of the wealth-giving pine and heather country."

SUNNINGDALE.—"HEATHERLAND," Sunninghill.—For SALE, a picturesque and well-arranged modern Freehold RESIDENCE, occupying an elevated and secluded position, well back from the road, approached by a short carriage drive. 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, principal and secondary staircases, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, and usual offices.

WELL-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS,

shady lawns for tennis and croquet, productive fruit and vegetable garden, plantation, in all about 1¼ acres. Capital site for stabling and garage; Company's water and gas; about a mile from the station on the L. and S.W.Ry., and under 2 miles from Ascot Racecourse. Possession on completion.—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

WIMBLEDON COMMON, PUTNEY HEATH, ROEHAMPTON, AND KINGSTON HILL.

FOR RESIDENCES, Furnished or Unfurnished, in the above high and healthy localities, which are in great demand owing to their easy access to all parts of the West End and City, their social amenities, and the surrounding vast open spaces for riding, driving, golf, and polo, apply to the local Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common; and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. Telephone: 380 P.O. Wimbledon.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

BY KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE,

BETWEEN WHITBY AND PICKERING.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD SPORTING ESTATE, known as "ELLERON LODGE," extending to 783 acres. Situate 5 miles from Pickering Station, and including a Comfortable

HOUSE, containing drawing and dining rooms, good billiard room, and 7 bedrooms; first-rate stabling for 11; old-world gardens, tennis lawns, woodland walks.

ORNAMENTAL LAKE AND TROUT STREAM:

productive kitchen garden; model farmery; 2 lodge entrances and cottages; home farm of 200 acres. Beautiful woodlands, with rhododendron walks, and GROUSE MOORS.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on July 24 next. Solicitor, J. D. WHITEHEAD, Esq., Pickering, Yorks.—Auctioneers' Offices, 9, Conduit Street, W.

"RIBBLESDALE," DORKING.

A CHARMING RESIDENCE containing 4 reception rooms and 10 bedrooms, together with the excellent stabling and delightful pleasure grounds.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY

Will OFFER the above for SALE by public AUCTION, at the Mart, on July 24 next. —Illustrated particulars forwarded on application.

ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS.—To lovers of old houses and beautiful gardens. A grand and healthy situation commanding glorious panoramic views through the valley of the Downs.

Old JACOBEAN RESIDENCE, full of old oak: central hall (16ft. by 15ft.), drawing room (34ft. by 21ft.), dining room (24ft. by 16ft.), library (24ft. by 14ft), mullioned windows, servants' hall, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 3, strong room; laundry, cottage, finely timbered old gardens; tennis and croquet lawns, choice collection of flowering shrubs, fruit trees, kitchen garden, paddock, in all about 3 acres; 3 golf links, hunting, fishing, boating. To be SOLD, one of the most charming miniature Estates on the market.—Further particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,961)

SURROUNDED BY DELIGHTFUL OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN, 10 minutes of main line station, yet enjoying complete privacy. —To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE: large dining room with French windows opening to lawns, drawing room leading into conservatories, morning and breakfast rooms, above are 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light throughout; main drainage, Company's water; stabling for 2; the grounds, quite the feature of the Property, extend to 4½ acres, and contain some fine old specimen trees, full-sized tennis court, well-stocked kitchen garden and meadow; picturesque lake and boathouse; small farmery. An additional meadow of 4 acres could probably be rented if desired.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,938)

SURREY.

In the Beautiful

LEITH HILL DISTRICT.

On the Main London and Portsmouth Line.

A CHOICE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE (in a ring fence) of about 954 ACRES. Beautiful Lake.

The Estate is richly timbered, close to a main line station, 28 miles from London, and about 30 from the sea.

The House stands 300ft. above sea level and contains: 8 well-lighted principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 8 secondary bedrooms, 5 luxuriously fitted bathrooms, large day and night nurseries. The reception rooms are conveniently arranged, and comprise: panelled oak outer and inner halls, large drawing room, boudoir, panelled library, dining room, smoking room; spacious domestic offices; modern system of drainage and heating; electric light installed; excellent stabling for 12 horses, coachman's and groom's rooms; fitted motor garage.

The pleasure grounds are very beautiful, formed out of the old Surrey Forest, richly timbered with valuable specimen trees, rosery, lovely woodland walks, tennis courts; productive walled kitchen garden; 2 entrance lodges; undulating and well-timbered park; 5 capital farms, let as 2 holdings; 2 attractive country residences; 18 model cottages; charming woodlands of 445 acres; good pheasant and wild duck shooting; picturesque lake of 9 acres, with waterfall and boathouse; permanent outgoings, £81.

Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

TO BE SOLD, by AUCTION, on October 8 next, "FARMING WOODS," 4½ miles from Weldon and Corby Station, 9 miles from Kettering, an important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING, AND HISTORICAL ESTATE, extending to 4,364 acres in a ring fence, including the

picturesque stone-built Mansion, standing 300 ft. above sea level in a deer park of over 200 acres. Accommodation: 3 entrance halls, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 35 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices; the Mansion is replete with every convenience, including electric light; stabling, motor-houses, cottages, workshops, etc.; the agricultural lands are divided into 12 excellent farms, also numerous small holdings, the whole producing an actual and estimated rent roll of over £4,000 per annum; 1,150 acres of woodland; first-rate hunting; good shooting; golf.—Illustrated particulars, plans, and Conditions of Sale, may be had of Messrs. KEKEWICH, SMITH and KAY, Solicitors, 2, Suffolk Lane, Cannon Street, E.C.; Messrs. FISHER, BOLAM and Co., Land Agents, Market Harborough; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Auctioneers and Surveyors, 9, Conduit Street, W.

SOUTH BERKSHIRE.

THE BULMERSHE ESTATE, EARLEY, READING.—A valuable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

EXTENDING TO ABOUT 950 ACRES,

including a brick-built House, surrounded by old-world gardens and beautifully timbered park, with

LAKES OF NEARLY 40 ACRES.

The Mansion stands well away from the road, commands extensive views: 4 reception rooms, 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 10 horses. Secondary residence, 2 farms, cottages, etc.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, on July 24. If not sold as a whole will be divided into convenient lots.

Illustrated particulars of Messrs. WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER and WELD, Solicitors, 1, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.; Messrs. SIMMONS and SONS, Auctioneers and Land Agents, Reading, Henley-on-Thames, and Basingstoke; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Auctioneers and Land Agents, 9, Conduit Street, W.

WELSH BORDERS, AMIDST MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

HISTORICAL ESTATE OF OVER 1,100 ACRES.

TROUT FISHING, GOLF, AND SHOOTING.

FOR SALE, an attractive SPORTING and RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of over 1,100 acres, including the above imposing stone House, standing 400ft. above sea level in a well-timbered park, and commanding lovely views. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, private chapel, conservatory, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, complete domestic offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 5 horses; beautiful old-world pleasure gardens; entrance lodge, 2 cottages, several farms, and various small holdings. Gross rent roll £1,432 15s., outgoings £122 14s. 9d.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,737)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES OF THE LATE SIR THOMAS PAINE.

SURREY (in the favourite district of Dorking).—ANNOUNCEMENT of SALE of the exceptional choice FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, known as

"BROOMFIELD,"

adjacent to the village of Westcott, and about 2½ miles from the town of Dorking, with station on the L.B. and S.C. Ry. and the S.E. and C. Ry., whence London may be reached in about 30 minutes. The Property comprises the above attractive Family Residence, with lodge at entrance, and contains: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and convenient domestic offices; stabling for 4 horses and outbuildings, picturesque pleasure grounds and excellent kitchen gardens. The Property also includes a comfortable old-fashioned Cottage Residence, known as "The Cottage," a modern laundry-cottage, and 4 other cottages, the whole extending over about 11 acres.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

(in connection with Messrs. FRANK DAVEY and Co.) will OFFER the above for SALE by Auction at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, July 28, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely, first as a whole, or afterwards in the following convenient Lots (unless previously sold):

Lot 1.	"Broomfield" House and grounds.....	A. 10	2 2
Lot 2.	Four Cottages and garden	0	1 6
Lot 3.	Laundry-Cottage.....	0	0 35
Lot 4.	"Ivy Cottage".....	0	0 34
	Total.....	A. 11	0 37

Particulars of Messrs. PAINES, BLYTH and HUNT, Solicitors, 14, St. Helen's Place, E.C.; or, together with order to view, of Messrs. FRANK DAVEY and Co., House Agents, etc., Dorking; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

SURREY HILLS (near Epsom Downs; 6 minutes from station, near pretty village).—Price, £7,500, a charming well-built COUNTRY HOUSE, in secluded rural situation, with charming surroundings of over ½ an acre; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, greenhouse; 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, lounge hall with parquet floor; gas; Company's water; modern conveniences; 9 miles golf.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,789)

40 MINUTES BY RAIL FROM LONDON.

HERTS, King's Langley (¾ mile from a main line station).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally choice FREEHOLD PROPERTY, charmingly position on the slope of a hill, 100 yds. away from the road, and commanding views over undulating and well-wooded country. The House (see above view) contains: large lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 attics, bathroom, and excellent offices; stabling, carriage house, and man's rooms; attractive grounds of about 10 acres; gas and water laid on; good sanitation, and soft water supply.—Particulars of the Sole Agents, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,721)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

25 MINUTES FROM LONDON BY L. & N.W.R.

In a Delightfully Rural District, near Stanmore and Harrow-on-the-Hill.

EXCELLENT GOLF LINKS WITHIN A MILE.

A CHARMING RED-BRICK, MODERATE-SIZED MANSION, standing 300ft. above sea level, in a delightfully timbered miniature park and grounds of about 27 acres, to be LET, Unfurnished. It is well removed from a road, is approached by a long carriage drive, with entrance lodge, and contains: 3 or 4 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and first-class offices; stabling for 6; lodge and 2 cottages; delightful pleasure grounds, with extensive lawns; productive gardens, with necessary glass, and some useful paddocks. Inspected and recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,614)

HERTFORDSHIRE.

ON THE MIDDLESEX BORDERS, adjacent to the picturesque village of Totteridge, about 2 miles from Totteridge and Mill Hill Stations, whence London is reached in about half an hour. The exceptionally choice FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as "OAK LODGE" occupies a pleasant position amidst absolutely rural environments, and comprises the above perfectly appointed house, approached by a carriage drive, and containing: square hall, 3 reception rooms, boudoir, oak-panelled billiard room, conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and convenient offices; excellent stabling, carriage house, motor house, and man's rooms; gardener's house, 2 cottages, and suitable outbuildings; the beautifully timbered grounds include a fine expanse of old-turf croquet, tennis, and other lawns, walled kitchen gardens with glasshouses and park-like paddocks adorned by fine forest and ornamental trees; the whole extends to an area of about 22a. 2r. 28p., and forms one of the most desirable properties of its character within a similar distance of the Metropolis.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, July 28, 1908, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold).—Particulars of Messrs. GOLDING, HARGROVE and GOLDING, 99, Cannon Street, E.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

AN ATTRACTIVE HOME IN YORKSHIRE.

FOR SALE, an exceptionally charming little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, situate amidst rural surroundings, in a pleasant district of the above county, conveniently near to a station, with excellent train service to Leeds and Manchester. The House is a well-planned, stone-built residence, commanding good views; it is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and good servants' offices; stabling, carriage house, and men's rooms; well-sheltered grounds, including pleasure and kitchen gardens and paddocks; near trout and salmon fishing; good water and drainage; electric light. Personally inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,461)

OXFORDSHIRE (on the Thames at Wallingford).—The exceedingly attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE known as "NEWNHAM MANOR," conveniently adjacent to the market town of Wallingford, 1 mile from the station, and 3 miles from Cholsey Junction. It includes the above charming old Manorial Residence, electrically lighted, beautifully appointed, standing in a magnificently timbered park, and containing: 4 reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; first-class stabling; motor garage; charming pleasure grounds and old-established gardens, glasshouses, and model farmstead; 4 capital farms and 17 cottages; golf course on property; ½ mile of frontage to finest reach on Upper Thames, with exclusive boating and fishing; 3 manors.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, July 28, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely, as a whole, or in Lots as under (unless previously sold):

Lot.		a.	r.	p.
1.	Newnham Manor and Park	86	1	28
2.	Crowmarsh and Lonesome Farms ..	375	0	25
3 and 4.	Accommodation Lands	6	3	14
5.	Newnham Farm.....	224	1	30
6.	Blenheim Farm	93	2	16
7, 8, 9.	Nine Cottages and Gardens	3	2	20
		790	0	13

—Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

BETWEEN HARROW AND HENDON.

A CHARMING LITTLE PROPERTY, situate only a few miles from London, amidst absolutely country environments, might now be PURCHASED or RENTED upon advantageous terms. It comprises a quaint and picturesque House of moderate size, in attractive grounds of about 2 acres; near good golf links; carriage drive, with lodge, stabling, etc.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,244)

IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKS.

NEAR HARROGATE (1½ mile from Birstwith Station; within easy reach of Leeds and other industrial centres).—The compact FREEHOLD, RESIDENTIAL, and AGRICULTURAL ESTATE, "WINSLEY HURST," of upwards of 420 acres, including the above exceptionally well-built family Mansion, standing high, on sandy subsoil, and commanding magnificent views; stabling for 10 horses; superb gardens and pleasure grounds; a valuable pastoral holding known as "WINSLEY GRANGE," with a well-positioned residence and farm buildings; 3 well-arranged accommodation holdings, and 5 cottages; capital fishing obtainable in the River Nidd; hunting with 2 packs; close to the moors, with salubrious climate and good social amenities.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the George Hotel, Harrogate, on Thursday, August 6, 1908, as a whole, or in two Lots as under (unless previously sold):

Lot 1.—"Winsley Hurst" and land A. 85 2 17

Lot 2.—Four accommodation farms 334 1 2

Particulars of Messrs. BARKER and BLACKBURN, Solicitors, 29, James Street, Harrogate; J. TILLADY, Esq., Estate Agent, Killinghall, via Leeds; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: 1971 (30 lines) Kensington

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.) beg to call special attention to the following Properties which can be had at **BARGAIN PRICES.**

20 ACRES, HOUSE, STABLING, ETC.

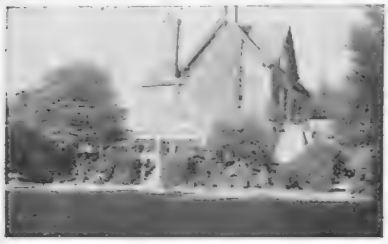
£1,350.—**KENT.**—To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice FREEHOLD PLEASURE or POULTRY FARM, extending to about 20 acres (mostly grass); well-built Residence: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms. Also 4-roomed Bungalow; stabling and outbuildings, pretty gardens in grounds, lawns, rose garden, orchard.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AT A REDUCED FIGURE.

TORQUAY.—To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice FREEHOLD PROPERTY, standing in pretty grounds of 1¼ acres. It contains: good entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 3 horses; greenhouse, etc.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,682)

CHISWICK.—To be SOLD, an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, in the cottage style, most conveniently arranged, and well fitted up throughout. It contains: lounge hall, 2 good reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 w.c.'s; full-sized tennis lawn; gas and water laid on.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,711)

7 ACRES, 8 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 3 RECEPTION, STABLING.



HANTS (1 hour express train of Waterloo).—To be SOLD the above exceptionally attractive country RESIDENCE, 1 mile of station, well away from main road and motor dust. Approached by 2 carriage drives, lovely well-timbered grounds of nearly 7 acres, which are a special feature; tennis and other lawns, rose walk and pergola, kitchen garden, orchard, meadows, pretty stream.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,738)

PRICE ONLY £1,000.

GLORIOUS LYNTON.—TO be SOLD, or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above charmingly placed RESIDENCE, commanding magnificent sea views. It stands in its own well-timbered grounds: hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; close to golf links; hunting. Price, £1,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 5,924)

8 ACRES, 3 RECEPTION, 11 BED AND DRESSING, STABLING FOR 8, COTTAGE, HUNTING (4 PACKS). RENT £120.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—An exceptionally attractive COUNTRY MANSION to be LET, Unfurnished. High, bracing situation; extensive views; easy reach of station.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.) as above.

ONE OF THE GREATEST BARGAINS OF MODERN TIMES.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE in an exceedingly pretty part of Surrey, and only 35 minutes of London; well-timbered and pretty grounds of 2½ acres: 2 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; under 1 mile of station; an absolute bargain. Inspected.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,610)

ALMOST ADJOINING GOLF LINKS.

SURREY (Byfleet).—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally well-built and attractive RESIDENCE, 10 minutes of station, and 35 minutes of Waterloo: vestibule, lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; pretty well-timbered grounds of over an acre.

GRAVEL SOIL. ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER.

Stabling or motor-house could be built.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AN IMMEDIATE SALE STRONGLY DESIRED.

£1,600.—**SURREY.**—High, bracing position: lounge hall, 2 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, good offices; 1 or more acres; gravel soil, main water and drainage; lovely views.—Inspected and thoroughly recommended as a really cheap property. (U 4,518)

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We pass from the [illegible]er Hall through a [illegible]ll apartment used as [illegible] corner for writing, [illegible] a Regence salon, [illegible]h is reserved for the [illegible]nguished guests who [illegible] honour the Firm [illegible]a visit. Here we [illegible] the two "breezy" [illegible]ures by Clairin, "Les [illegible]Grandes Manœuvres, ter[illegible]res and navales." [illegible] are thoroughly [illegible]hy and full of life. [illegible]e we walk through [illegible]ent windows into the Garden. Retracing our steps, we take a staircase into the basement, where the mystery of Champagne making astonishes our wondering eyes. We find a large cellar divided into various sections or dioramas. In the first is depicted the gathering of grapes in the vineyards. This is only one of Moët & Chandon's vineyards, of which they possess over 2,500 acres at Ay, Bouzy, Cramant, Verzenay, &c. The size of the grapes, of the baskets they are placed in, and all other details, are here reproduced with proportionate exactitude.

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High puff crowns of painted gauze are int oduced into many glorified Charlotte Corday themes, variously brimmed with kilted chiffon, lace, and straw. On these the approved ribbon decorations are invariably introduced with telling effect, sometimes in two colours, such as rose-petal pink and lime-green, hydrangea-blue and mauve, etc. An adorable Greuze shape in a real old lavender straw was wreathed with chiffon roses in the same delicate hue, and tied across the crown with ribbon, the ends thereof being caught beneath the brim by ear rosettes, subsequently tying beneath the chin.

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An Attractive Model of a Batiste Slip

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

The Handkerchief Batiste Blouse

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Model of a Batiste Slip

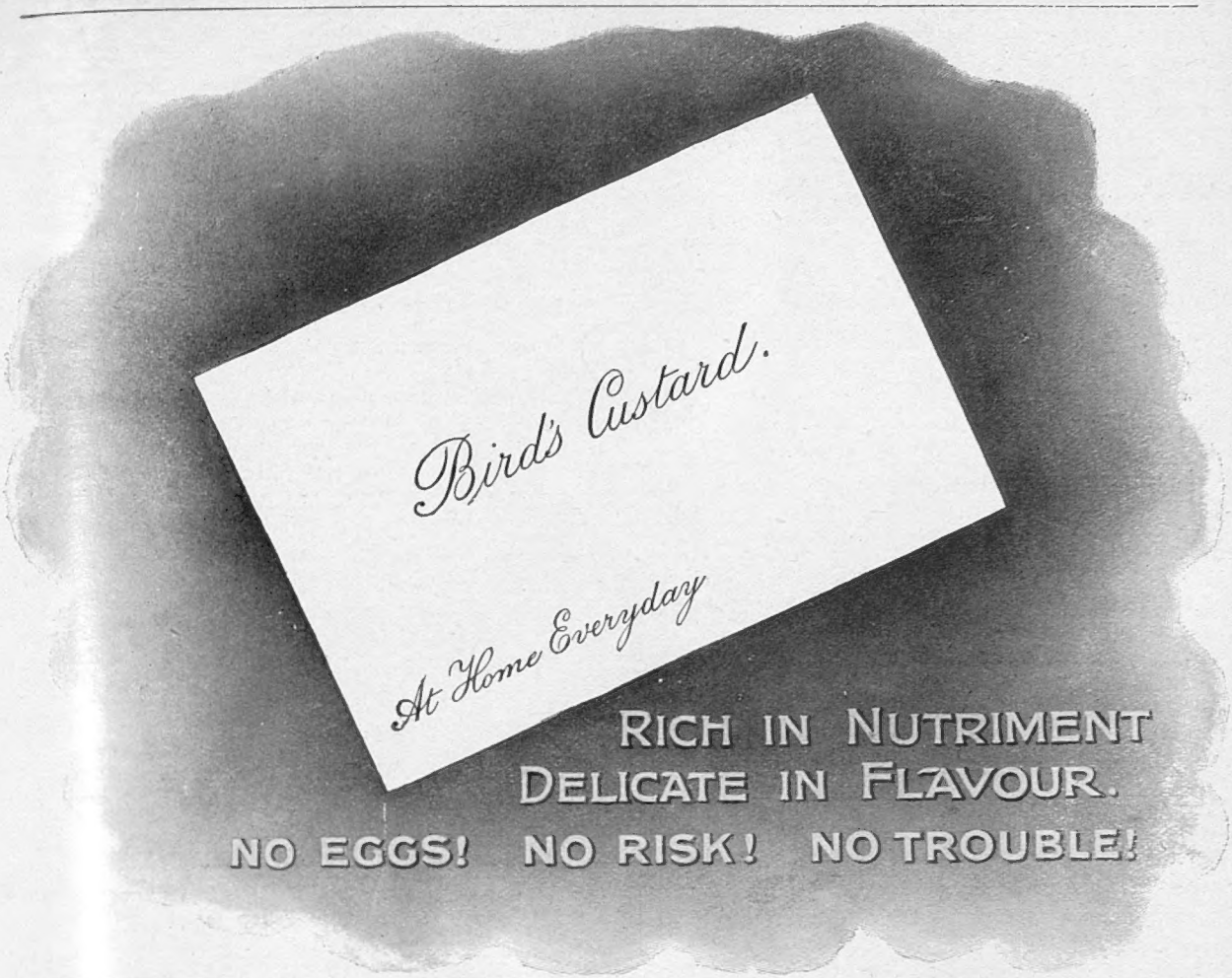
In this particularly faithful portraiture, the filminess of the fabric is disclosed in the light effect of the *plissé jabot* as cont asted with the pleated body part. Sometimes the graduated spots a e hand-worked in the finest flax thread, others, again, are actually woven in with the ground or else printed. This spotted shirt, indeed, has only one rival, and that is one of snowy white lawn, running to a plethora of *plissé jabot* and sleeve ruffles.

"The Violet Touch"

It is a case of "violets, violets all the way" when the Misses Allen-Brown's toilet preparations are under discussion. To the best in the way of soap, perfume, toilet powder, bath salt, etc., they give what we may call "the violet touch,' and transform the excellent into the super-excel ent. Few exper-ences are more exhilarating and de ightful than a bath in water softened with Violet Bath Salt, and the fragrance consequent on the use of the Violet Soap is beyond praise. It is the "violet touch" which separates the distinctive woman from the commonplace woman, and the products of the Henfield Violet Nurseries are to be found in every up-to-date and fashionable boudoir.

Miss Irene Scharrer

The appearances of Miss Irene Scharrer are always interesting, and at her recent recital at the Æolian Hall her performance of a programme largely selected from the pianoforte works of Chopin gave opportunities both for judging of her attitude towards a composer whom sufficiently few players seem wholly to understand, and for realising the limitations of his peculiar genius. In listening to his Sonata in B flat minor (the technical difficulties of which make its ideal interpretation next to impossible) one experiences a feeling of mental discomfort when, after the fine first movement and the magnificent scherzo, the funeral march is reached. This seems to be out of the picture, however great an achievement it is in itself. And when the insignificant finale follows, the feeling of unfulfilled climax deepens with depressing effect. Miss Scharrer was not at her best in this curious sonata, but did not fail to realise much of its poetry. A large number of studies, some preludes, and a nocturne, showed the composer once more a king in his kingdom of exotic music. Here, too, Miss Scharrer rose to her highest level, and made of them each a vivid, beautiful dream, weaving itself with incomparable beauty and astounding facility, and passing only too quickly away.



The Lancet describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

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6d. Weekly.

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

The Tragedy of the Bargain

The proof of a woman, morally, is not whether she can die for causes or hobbies, not ev n whether she can pursue the more difficult course of living for them amidst general disapproval, but, rather, it lies in what seems a very minute test. Pray, reader, discern no flippancy in this, for beneath it often enough is to be found the tragic element. Can she pass a shop window wherein the e dangles some frivolous thing for sixpence, but which her quick eye detects to be worth quite ninepence three farthings? The sales have broken many a woman (this time, we may say, financially as well as morally) who would have faced the rack cheerfully, and could do without anything else, even dinner (and, perhaps, tea if very heroic), but who yet falls hopelessly before a bargain. This is the tragedy!

The Acquisitive Craze

And, you see, it is so small—which makes it more pathetic. You couldn't write a story about it, or a play, still less a poem. Many people suppose that women only attain broken hearts about great things, but therein lies their mistake. One can discover nothing intrinsically great, for instance, in piles of fluffy, frilly creations, which sometimes even own up to being "slightly damaged," and at the best are never "serviceable," yet the consequences of a craze for acquiring such objects may — morally and domestically — prove tremendous. This craze has divided more households, and with greater effect, than mothers-in-law have done in the past, or anything else is likely to do in the future. A bargain! A woman stands or falls by a bargain; and most women are fallen angels.

The Poster Allegorical

Typifying the charms of Buxton, which is now adorning many of our hoardings

Adjective Coining

Somebody has been writing about the manufacture of adjectives, and remarking that great men (like Lewis Carroll) were very free in coining them. It stands to reason that if you want to alter your language, or accentuate it, or go further than it goes, the only way is to play tricks with the adjectives, and perhaps put in a novel verb or two if you happen to be very daring. A noun is a hardy sort of creature. It defies Fate, and it defies interference. Nobody dares call a chair or a table anything *but* a chair or a table—not even a poet, though a poet, perhaps because he has become such a rarity, dare do almost anything.

LADY PHYLLIS.

THE MENU: SAVOURIES

Cheese Zephyrs

Dissolve in half a pint of milk ½oz. of gelatine (four sheets of leaf gelatine), warm the milk, and when the gelatine is dissolved, strain the milk into a clean pan, add 2oz. of grated cheese, and stir over the fire for a few minutes; add salt and white pepper to taste. Take off the fire, and, when a little cool, add a quarter of a pint of whipped cream. Pour into small moulds and let it set. Turn out and garnish the top of each mould alternately with coralline pepper and sieved yolk of egg.

Prawn Toast

Cut some slices of bread half an inch thick into circles or squares; slightly hollow out the centre, and fry the croûtes a golden brown. When thoroughly drained and cold, put a little cress at the bottom of each, and on the top of this put one or two picked prawns. Mask them with mayonnaise sauce, and sprinkle on the surface a little finely chopped tarragon. Serve cold.

Lobster Bashaws

Pick the meat from a large lobster, mince it finely, and pound it in a mortar with a little salt, cayenne pepper, and butter; divide the shell into quarters, scrape these thoroughly, and sprinkle over the inside some fine dried breadcrumbs. Put the mixture into the shells, cover thickly with breadcrumbs, and pour over the top a ¼lb. of clarified butter (1oz. over each quarter), and bake in a quick oven for about ten minutes. Serve the fish in the shells, neatly arranged on a hot napkin, and garnish with parsley.

Olives with Anchovies

Stone some Spanish olives; wash and fillet four anchovies and mince them finely; also a quarter of a teaspoonful of minced onion, a little chopped parsley, and a pinch of red pepper. Put this preparation inside each olive in place of the stone, put them on fried croûtons, and serve with mayonnaise sauce.

Tongue and Egg Toast

Chop up finely some remains of tongue with some parsley and a tiny bit of shallot. Fry all together in a saucepan with a little butter, pepper, and salt if required, and then add one or two hard-boiled eggs, also finely chopped, and a spoonful or two of gravy or brown sauce. Make the mixture as hot as possible, and turn out on to rounds of fried bread, which have been hollowed out slightly in the middle. The whole to be served as hot as possible.

Eggs and Spinach

Boil some spinach, and, having thoroughly drained it, pass it through a hair-sieve and return it to a clean saucepan with 1 oz. of butter and pepper and salt to taste. Let it simmer slowly till well reduced, then add a spoonful or two of cream, mix well, and spread lightly to the thickness of a quarter of an inch on pieces of toast about three inches square. Place on each a poached egg neatly trimmed with a fluted cutter, and serve at once.

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A PUFF

is needed for Vinolia Powder — not to sing its praises, but to administer its virtues. It soothes the skin—allays irritation. It is good in every sense of the word.

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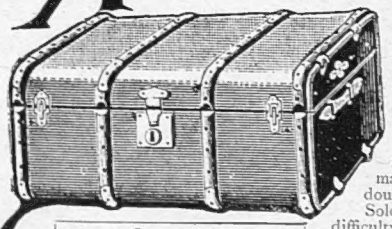

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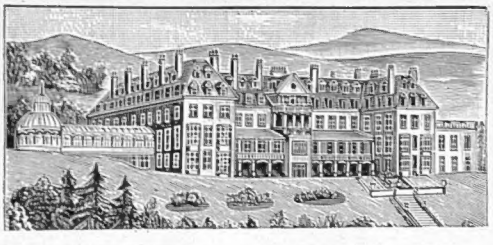

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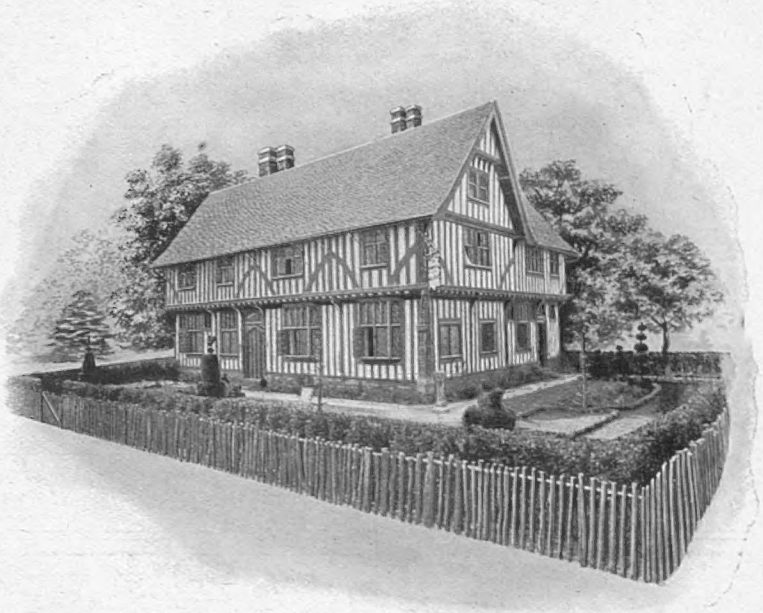
The Editor's Box

The Tudor House

By no means the least interesting of the multitudinous exhibits at the Franco-British Exhibition is the old Tudor House from Ipswich, which has been re-erected by Messrs. Gill and Reigate. A genuine specimen of Elizabethan architecture, this dwelling is furnished with furniture chiefly of Tudor design, but also in some of its apartments with that of a later date. The whole



The Old Tudor House at the Franco-British Exhibition
Re-erected by Messrs. Gill and Reigate

of the schemes of decoration and restoration have been in the skilled hands of Messrs. Gill and Reigate, whose magnificent stock of genuine antiques at 73-85, Oxford Street is familiar to all connoisseurs. A delightful little booklet, with full descriptions of the old house, both in English and French, is published.

Great Eastern Improvements

For the convenience of travellers to Belgium by the Harwich route, the Great Eastern Railway Company have just placed on the Antwerp express train from Liverpool Street Station dining and breakfast cars, in which table d'hôte dinner and other refreshments are served on the down journey, and table d'hôte breakfast on the up journey. The Radiotelegraphic Convention came into force on July 1, and the Great Eastern Railway Company have fitted the turbine steamer *Copenhagen* and the twin-screw *Dresden* with wireless telegraphy, which will enable the public to send telegrams from on board those vessels during their journeys. The other steamers on the Hook of Holland service are also being provided with wireless telegraphy, and will be available to the public shortly.

British Seedsmen's Success

At the International Horticultural Show, held at the Franco-British Exhibition, the only Gold Medal awarded for vegetables to any seed firm, French or British, has been won by Messrs. E. Webb and Sons, the King's seedsmen, Wordsley, Stourbridge, who exhibited nearly one hundred varieties, and their collection was freely admitted to be perhaps the best ever shown—melons, tomatoes, cucumbers, early peas and beans, cauliflowers, carrots, etc., being especially fine. Also in the class for twelve kinds of vegetables, open to France and Britain, the First Prize and Silver Gilt Medal was won by an exhibit grown entirely from Webbs' seeds.

A Delicious Anomaly

Shortbread from Reading!—shade of the immortal Bobby Burns—what next! Doubtless, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer will not prolong our suspense, for barely a week passes but some addition is made to the mighty list of toothsome novelties emanating from this famous house. "Reading Shortbread"—different, true, from Scotch Shortbread—and if the truth must out—better! Better in appearance—for it comes in the convenient form of dainty biscuits—better in taste—better in every respect—and made from the very choicest materials. Just try them! Were it not that Messrs. Huntley and Palmer have so often excelled themselves, we should be inclined to repeat here what is already a commonplace—but we do say that as an addition to afternoon teas, dainty luncheons, and all those occasions which call for choice confections of one kind and another, Huntley and Palmer's "Reading Shortbread" rivals in appetising excellence any of their previous manufactures.

A Royal Appointment

Mackie and Co., Ltd., Distillers, Lagavulin Distillery, Islay, have been honoured by Royal Warrant Appointment purveyors of "White Horse" whisky to his Majesty the King.

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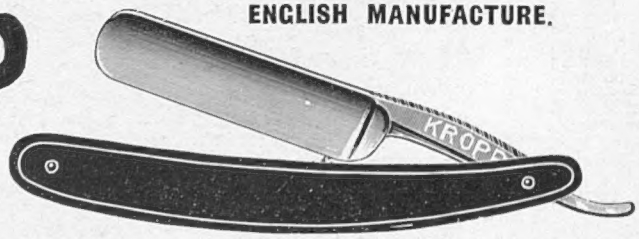

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